The Saturday Evening Post

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THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A little fair soul that knew not sin
  Looked over the edge of Paradise,
And saw one striving to come in,
  With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"Oh! brother, is it you?" he cried,
  "Your face is as a breath from home,
Why do you stay so long outside?
  I am athirst for you to come.
Tell me first how our mother fares,
  And did she weep too much for me?"

"*White are her cheeks and white her hairs,*
But not from gentle tears for thee!"

"Tell me where are our sisters gone?"

"*Alas! I left them weary and wan!*"

"And tell me, is the baby grown?"

"*Alas! he will be soon a man!*
Cannot you break the gathering days,
  And let the light of Death come through,
Ere his feet stumble in the maze,
  Crossed safely by so few, so few?
For like a cloud upon the sea
  That darkens till you find no shore,
So was the face of Life to me,
  Until I sank for evermore!
And like an army in the snow
  My days went past, a treacherous train,
Each silent when he struck his blow
  Until I lay among them, slain!"

"Oh! brother, there was a path so clear!"

"*It might be—but I never sought.*"

"Oh! brother, there was a sword so near!"

"*It might be—but I never fought.*"

"Yet, sweep this needless gloom aside,
  For you are come to the gate at last."

Then in despair that soul replied,
  "*The gate is fast! The gate is fast!*"

"I cannot move the mighty weight,
  I cannot find the golden key,
But hosts of heaven around us wait,
  And none has ever said No to me.
Kind Saint, put by thy palm and scroll,
  And come undo the door for me!"

"Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,
It is not mine to keep the key."

"Sweet angel, strike these doors apart!
That outer air is dark and cold."

"Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,
Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed,
  For that poor Shadow in the cold,
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid!
  We cannot make the doors unfold!"
But that poor Shadow, still outside,
  Wrung all the sacred air with pain,
And all the souls went up and cried
  Where never cry was heard in vain.
No eyes beheld the pitying Face,
  The answer none might understand,
But dimly through the silent space
  Was seen the stretching of a Hand.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

"A BLOW FROM THE BUTT END OF MY RIFLE, AND THE EAGLE WAS MINE!"

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VII.

A HUNTING PLANTER.

Fortunately the light given by the flash of the pistol was not enough to discover me to them, and, after standing a few seconds to satisfy themselves that they were alone on the path, they moved on again, and were soon entirely out of my hearing.

The voice of the second speaker, however, still kept vibrating in my ear, and although it otherwise defied identification, I did not feel convinced of its being that of the overseer.

On reaching the plantation house I had evidence to the contrary. The man was there himself, standing by the gate of the enclosure! He could not have got to the ground before me.

I found Walter Woodley at home, and related to him the scrap of conversation I had overheard.

"Some of our neighbors," he said, with a careless laugh, "who take interest in our affairs; though I cannot tell which of them. Ah! I fancy I can explain it. We allow a per centage on every bale that reaches New Orleans without damage. Likely enough it's some friend of Black the boatman, who's been congratulating him on his chance of making a good thing of it. By-the-way," continued the young planter, changing the subject, "I've been down by Neal's ferry since dinner, and whom do you suppose I should see crossing there?"

"How should I know, being a perfect stranger to everybody around you?"

"Ah! true. But you've seen him and heard us talk of him. Nat Bradley!"

"Nat Bradley! He here! I thought he said he was going down the river?"

"He did; but for all that he's here again."

"For what purpose?" I asked, inspired by an unpleasant thought.

"Heaven only knows. He didn't seem too well pleased at seeing me. I suppose he fancied I might think it strange after his telling us he was off for Mississippi. He explained by saying there was no boat at Nashville ready to start. Now *that* I know to be untrue. Here's a queer fellow, and it's hard to say what he's dodging about here for."

While listening I imagined I had obtained a clue as to whose voice I had heard in conversation with Bill Black the boatman. It was the same that had jarred so disagreeably on my ear while pronouncing the name "Corneel." It was Nat Bradley's.

I stated my suspicion to the young planter.

"I didn't know he was acquainted with Black, nor can I see what difference it should make to him about our having a large crop, or how we get it to market," said Walter.

Neither could I; and it was just this that continued to mystify me, even after we had ceased to converse on the subject.

Strange enough no one in the neighborhood had either seen or heard of Nat Bradley's reappearance in the place.

During the three days that intervened before my departure from the plantation, I had not failed to make inquiries—of course in an indirect manner—but no one knew of a second visit from Nat Bradley. His first I had frequently heard spoken of. There was nothing strange in it.

This second visit, however, made in such secrecy, and with a falsehood for its excuse, must have had some object of a less honest kind.

I could not help thinking so; and more that once this thought returned to distress me.

Notwithstanding my reluctance to leave the plantation, the event could no longer be delayed. I could bear the thought with greater equanimity now that I had hopes soon again to see Cornelia.

On my journey through Mississippi state I must call on her brother Henry. His plantation was not much out of my way. He could give me such sport, hunting bears, and deer, and panthers; shooting swans, egrets and eagles. She herself would be going down soon—perhaps Walter, too. Would I not stay till they came?

Who would have declined such an invitation? Not I. My difficulty was to conceal an eagerness in its acceptation. I promised to pay this visit to the hunting brother; and then I bade adieu to my Tennessean acquaintances, and once more set my face to the South.

In due time I reached the Mississippi plantation.

I presented my letters of introduction to the proprietor. I was received with all the warmth of Western hospitality.

Indeed, by my new host, Henry Woodley, credentials would scarce have been called for; it seemed sufficient for him to know that I was fond of hunting.

Here everything was different from the old homestead in Tennessee; still, despite the primitive rudeness of the place, there was that picturesqueness that is pleasing to the eye.

There were withal sufficient signs to ensure comfort, and a kennel close by containing a score of staghounds, some of them showing scars that could only have been made by the claws of bear or panther, spoke of something more—that sport, of which their proprietor was so passionately fond—the grand chase.

Henry Woodley was not the only man I had met, who, under the pretence of being a planter, passed three-fourths of his time in chase, his farming being only a pleasant fiction, a pretext to escape from the charge—even the self-accusation of having nothing to do!

Soon after my arrival, my host commenced initiating me into the ways of a sportman's life, and in less than a month I had collected on my own account most of those trophies that fall to the lot of a Mississippian hunter.

Among them were skins of the black bear, the red puma or "painter," of the backwoodsman, the spotted lynx, better known by the name of "wild cat," wolves, black and grey, with raccoons, opossums, skunks, swamp rabbits, and other four-footed "varmints;" while the antlers of a Virginian stag, the scaly skin of an alligator, the shark, and birds of nearly all kinds, figured in my collection.

The king of all, however—the white-headed eagle—was still wanted to complete my museum. Several times I had seen this splendid bird soaring aloft or winging his way across the river; but, like most of the falcon tribe, the white-headed eagle is shy of the approach of man, and I had never succeeded in getting a shot at one. All the more did I desire to add the eagle to my collection.

My host, eager to gratify me, caused inquiries to be made.

It ended in our hearing of a roost upon one of the islands, some twenty miles down the river, where a nest had been observed in the spring, and afterwards the brood of birds—a single brace—along with their parents; and accordingly I determined on making an excursion to the island.

On this occasion, I was to go without my host, accompanied only by one of his negroes named "Jake." I had made several excursions so attended when the young planter was otherwise occupied—Jake and the skiff being always placed at my disposal.

The darkey knew the island in question, though he had never landed upon it; and, what I thought strange, did not seem to relish the idea of guiding me to the place; but without asking any further explanation I followed my unwilling conductor to the skiff.

We started a little after daylight, and, as my skiffman had forewarned me, found the current exceedingly sharp, and not a little dangerous—especially as we approached the island.

What with snags, whirls, and "sawyers," we had some difficulty in making land, and might not have succeeded but for a large tree that had fallen over the bank and formed a sort of pier, to which we were able to make fast the skiff. The tree was a gigantic cottonwood, whose weight had hindered the current from carrying it off.

Scrambling along its trunk, I at length succeeded in planting my feet upon terra firma.

The nest, I supposed, could not be far off, and by the directions given me I could easily find it. The darkey did not seem inclined to go ashore, or otherwise assist in the search. He made some excuse about taking care of the skiff, and in the skiff I left him.

I again thought his behavior strange; but made no objection to his remaining.

Getting over the ground did not prove such an easy task. It was thickly studded with heavy timber.

Although the sun was shining brightly, under the trees it resembled twilight. In addition to their own thick foliage, they were festooned with moss, that shut out the sky like a curtain.

I soon despaired of seeing anything of the eagles. Looking overhead, I could not see the sky, much less any object depending upon its brightness for being made visible.

I began to think of going back to the river-bank, and had already stopped in my tracks, when I perceived a slender glint of light stealing through the timber beyond. It might be, that I had arrived near the other side of the island. In any case it was worth while going on to see; and I proceeded towards the light. It proved only an opening among the trees, where a gigantic deadwood, divested of its leaves, permitted the sunlight to descend upon the earth.

The tree, an enormous *liriodendron*, had been struck by lightning, and its huge limbs, blanched and twigless, were stretched, like a skeleton army, towards the sky.

As I stood regarding it with upturned eyes, a strange sound came into my ears, almost filling them with its hard intonation. I can compare it no nothing so near to what it seemed as the filing of a huge frame-saw, or the laugh of a maniac escaped from his keeper.

As I stood listening, it seemed to repeat itself in echoes, as if the whole island had been suddenly converted into a pandemonium.

I knew it now to be the scream of the white-headed eagle.

I had not time to get my rifle ready for firing, when four of these grand birds—the parents and brood—of which I had heard spoken, came sailing overhead; their broad, spreading wings shadowed the patch of open ground as they soared majestically above the blighted tree.

I was in hopes that one or other of them would alight, and give me a chance of obtaining something like a fair shot. But in this I was disappointed. Even over their own nest they were shy. It had long been forsaken, and the first that uttered the cry had sprung up from it, alarmed by my presence below.

I waited for some time, but perceiving that they did not intend to alight, I determined to risk the chance of a flying shot.

I would have given something at that moment for a smooth bore loaded with "buck." Unfortunately I carried a rifle with only a single bullet.

The four eagles continued to circle around the forsaken nest. I observed that only two of them had the white head and tail. The other two were of a uniform dark brown. The former I knew to be the old birds with plumage matured.

Choosing the larger of these, I took aim and fired.

The eagle fell at my feet, crippled by a shot through the shoulder.

But I had not yet secured my prize, and on through the palmettoes I rushed after the wounded bird that went screaming and fluttering before me.

More than a hundred yards was made in this way, when a blow from the butt of my rifle at length put an end to the scrambling chase, and the eagle was mine.

It was the female, a fine bird in perfect plumage.

By this, the other three had gone clear off from the Island, as I could tell by their screams heard dying away in the far distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "DEVIL'S ISLAND."

Proud of my achievement, I shouldered the prize, and started to return to the skiff.

I had not gone three steps when I again stopped—simply to ask myself the way. I saw that I had lost it.

The chase after the wounded eagle, both tortuous and prolonged, had carried me out of sight of the deadwood as well as the light let down through its leafless branches.

I was once more in the midst of a continuous twilight.

I looked for my tracks.

Taking time and pains I might have discovered and retraced them, but the spread fans of the palmettoes quite covered the ground, and I had not the patience to put them aside for such exploration.

I supposed the island to be of only some forty or fifty acres in extent, and, by keeping straight on in any direction, I must soon come to its edge.

Following this would, in time, bring me to the skiff.

Taking a straight shoot through the underwood, I walked briskly on, and, as I expected, soon saw the sunlight gleaming before me.

There was an opening with water, but as I drew near to it, I could see that it was not the river, but a sort of lagoon, or pool of stagnant water.

I kept for a short distance along its edge, and discovered that it communicated with a "bayou" that appeared to lead out into the river.

I fancied that it would take me the wrong way; and was turning to make a traverse in the opposite direction, when something down under the bank caught my eye.

I first took it for a floating log; but on closer scrutiny, it proved to be an old canoe of the kind known as a "dug-out."

It was moored to the root of one of the great cypresses that overshadowed the water.

It was partially concealed by the outstretched fronds of the palmettoes that grew around the root of the cypress.

Stepping down and examining it, I saw that its rude hawser of twisted grape-vine must have been holding there, perhaps, for months. It was some worthless, worn-out craft abandoned, perhaps forgotten.

While making this reflection, my eye wandered to the opposite side of the grove. There I observed other signs of human presence, though not recent.

There was a little spot of cleared ground above a high bank that looked as if it had been used for a landing.

Fragments of coarse canvas, such as is used for cotton "bagging," were strewn over it, and there were the ashes of an old fire.

I thought it strange to see such relics in that solitary place, and walked away, wondering what could have taken them there.

My speculations, however, were soon interrupted by the necessity of finding my way back to the skiff, which proved more difficult than I had expected.

Not till I had wandered about for a full half-hour, and scratched my skin among the sharp spikes of the palmettoes, did I succeed in reaching my place of debarkation, and then only by shouting myself hoarse, and getting a responsive shout from the skiffman.

"I'se glad, massa, you got safe 'board 'gen," said he, as I stepped into the boat.

"Why?" I asked, wondering at the remark as well as the alacrity with which the darky pulled away from the cottonwood.

"Kase I tink dat ere island a dangersome place."

"Dangerous place! In what way?"

"Doan no, massa, doan no; but folks do say de debbil hab been seen an' heerd dar ob nights. One ob Mass Bradley's black people tole me so. Mass Bradley's plantashun not far off on toder side; but none o' dem niggers ebba goes on dat island. Nob'dy else ebba go dar. Sartin shoo de place am hanted."

I could not help smiling at his superstition, though I was not a little chagrined at his not having sooner confided it to me, so that I might have made a more careful exploration of the interesting locality.

When I thought of the gloomy obscurity of its shadows, the deep, dank lagoon that slept stagnant under its trees, the weird drapery of Spanish moss that thickly festooned their branches, I did not so much wonder at the superstitious awe with which my sable-skinned companion had been led to regard it. It was just the kind of spot to be "hanted."

As we passed over the river the darkey became very communicative, and remarks far from complimentary to Mr. Nat Bradley continually fell from his lips.

"This Mr. Bradley don't appear to be much of a favorite of yours, Jake?"

"Nor nob'dy ess'n, massa. All our darkies hate um like de pisen snake."

"Your white folks, though; they don't hate him?"

"Donn' know, massa; not so shoo' 'bout dat."

"For instance, your own master; he's a great friend of Mr. Woodley, is he not?"

"Ah! young massa Henry, he friends wid ebberybody."

"But your master appears very fond of him."

"Maybe he am, maybe he ain't."

After making this ambiguous rejoinder, Jake leant industriously to his oars, and for some time remained silent.

Feeling perfectly satisfied that no son of Africa could terminate a dialogue with such an unsatisfactory conclusion, I waited for him to resume speech.

I had not long to wait; scarce a dozen strokes of the oar.

"Dar may be 'a reason, sar, why Massa Henry show friendship you 'peak 'bout. Dar am many kewrious things down hyar in de Mississippy state; an', maybe, dat 'ere am one ob dem."

"Ah! you think the friendship is not real? There is something—"

"Behind de bush! Dat dere is so fo' sartin, and dis nigger know it."

"Some influence, perhaps—"

"Yes, Massa 'Trangor, dar am de influence."

"What?"

My heart beat quickly as I put the question, for in the answer I expected to hear something of Miss Woodley.

"Well, massa," replied the skiffman, after a spurt, while apparently spent in cogitation, "I know you Massa Henry's friend, an' doan' know why I shouldn't tell you all 'bout de bizness 'tween your Massa Henry and Boss Bradley."

"I am your master's friend," I said, to encourage him. "You may trust me, Jake."

"Wal, sar, it war jess dis. One day dey war out in de woods, on a big deer drive. Dar war Mass Henry hissef, and Mass Bradley. Dat war de only day I ebber know him go a huntin, and dar war sebbral odder of de planters 'bout hyar, all huntin togedder. De drive war ober, an dey'd all set down to take a spell o' rest, and eat de vittle dat de niggas had brought dem in a wagon. Den dey got to playin cards, and I'se believe it war de Boss Bradley dat fuss proposed um. You know Mass Henry nebba plays on de cards—dat is, he nebber plays for money. But dey'd all been a drinkin—de hunters and de planters—an dar war mint juleps an claret sangarees, an dat ere stuff like ginger beer, dey call shamp-pains; so dey all set too to de card playin, Mass Henry among de rest. Dey played poker, and dey played a French game dey calls "yoker," and dey staked—golly! dey staked as high as a hundred dollars apiece! Ob cose Mass Henry, knowin jess nex to nuffin 'bout de game, he war boun to lose. Whugh! he did lose, two thousan dollars, ebbery red cent! and who'd ye 'spose he lose um to?"

"Who?"

"Why, dat same bossy Bradley. Ob cose Massa Henry hadn't no money on de ground, for who's a gwine to be a toatin two thousan dollars 'bout im. So he guv de planter, Bradley, his writin for de amount, which dem calls a purmissory note. Wal, dat ere note ain't been paid yet, and it's de not-payment ob it dat make Massa Henry 'pear seeh friends wi' Mass Planter Bradley. Now, sar, yes'e got de explication ob de whole sarcumstance."

"I hope it is the true one."

"What, Massa! Why for you hope dat? You say you Mass Henry friend. Sure you no wish him two thousan debt to bossy Bradley?"

It was not strange the negro should express surprise at my speech. I had answered mechanically and without thought of the interpretation he might put upon it, thinking only of myself and the relief his explanation had caused me.

"Lor, massa! it am a big heap, two thousan dollar! Great big heap for young Mass Henry. He nebber pay dat hisself till de ole squire die an' leab 'um some ob dat 'ere plantashun in Tennessee. He no make money hyar like bossy Bradley. Tank de lor' I hear Massa Henry swa' he nebba tech de cards no more. Dat's one bit o' sattafacshun."

"Does Mr. Bradley often visit your master?"

"Wal, sar, dat depend."

"On what?"

"On de seezun ob de yar."

"On the season of the year? You mean he comes at one time more than another?"

"Yes, sar; jess so."

Jake had ceased to be communicative, and required drawing.

"I suppose there are times when business requires him to be at your master's plantation?"

"Wal, ye see, dar's de summer seezun; he doan come much den. I b'lieve him been only twice dis summer, an' de once you see um yourseff, sar. An' dar's de winter seezun; den Mass Bradley go good deal down to de grand city—Orleens. So de folks say."

"That would leave him no time to visit your master's plantation."

"Ah! he find time for dat."

"But when?"

"Wal, sar, I tell you. When massa's sister—Miss Corneel—come down to 'tay on de plantatshun. Dat am de troof."

More than half prepared for this communication, it did not come with such a surprise.

To conceal my thoughts from him who had made it, I said, with an air of carelessness, which cost me an effort,

"Perhaps he is Miss Woodley's sweetheart?"

"May be so, sar; may be so."

Though Jake's answer was not conclusive, I forbore to continue the conversation.

I had started a subject that was causing me pain, and further disclosures could only increase it.

After all, what was Miss Woodley to me? The interest I felt in her—was it more than friendly?

From these reflections I was startled by the voice of the skiffman.

"Talk ob de debbil," said he, "and dat genl'um shoo to be clost by. Dis time, however, we war talkin ob an angel."

"An angel! What do you mean, Jake?"

"Look yonna, sar! What you see yonna?"

"I see a steamboat."

"Yar—jess so. And in dat steamboat dar am an angel! Sartin shoo dar am."

"I don't understand you."

"Golly, Massa! Doan ye see dat de boat go stop at Mass Woodley's landin?"

"Yes; I see that."

"Wal, what she do dat for but put some'dy 'shore, and dat some'dy be Miss Woodley. Told ye so, sar. Look, de boat shove off 'gen."

About the boat he was right. In ten minutes after she came booming past, almost swamping our egg-shell of a skiff.

On reaching Henry Woodley's house, I learned that his sister had arrived, and Nat Bradley along with her.

Yes, Nat Bradley had landed from the boat along with her, and was there at the house, apparently a welcome guest.

It was with difficulty I could conceal my chagrin, despite the silliness of my showing it.

Bradley did not stay for the night. He had come ashore there because there was no landing-place on his own plantation. He had been up to Vicksburg on business, and had availed himself of the steamboat to return.

These particulars I gathered from his conversation with my host. I regarded them as plausible excuses. No doubt he had been up to Vicksburg, but not upon business. He had gone there to meet Cornelia Woodley, and accompany her back in the boat. Nothing could be clearer.

He took his leave, borrowing a horse from my host, and promising to bring him back on the morrow.

Before that time, I, too, determined upon being gone.

My proposal of departure was met by surprise on the part of my planter host. He would not hear of it. He had been organizing a grand bear hunt—surely I would not disappoint him?

"You will not," said his sister, as we were left for a moment alone.

I scarce knew what to say.

"Why do you leave us in such haste?"

Still less could I make answer to the question.

"It is very wicked of you," she continued to urge; "and not very gallant," added she, with a provoking pout. "You appear to have been contented here till I came. I shall think you are running away to avoid me."

There was truth in this, though not in the sense she intended it.

"*Do* stay!" she said, coming near, and almost entreating me, "my brother will be so vexed by your leaving us; and I too. If you go I shall always think it was my presence that had driven you away."

What could be the meaning of that speech? It made me feel that I was either a favored or a flattered man. If the first, she who made it was an angel; if the second, a cruel coquette. In which category should I place Cornelia Woodley?

To discover this was the object of my next remark, the rudeness of which can only be excused by the torture my suspicions were causing me.

"Not your presence, Miss Woodley," I said, "but that of one whose absence would no doubt cause you far greater regret than mine."

The surprise that leaped up into her great gazelle eyes was not unpleasing to me. There was something in it that spoke of innocence; at least, it was not coquetry?

"Of whom do you speak, sir?"

I hesitated to give the name. I may have been wronging her. In any case I had no right to interfere with her predilections. My speech had placed me in a dilemma, from which I would have been too happy to escape without further controversy.

Fortunately there was a chance, by her brother at that moment reappearing, to renew his solicitations.

This time they were successful. The short conversation with his sister had caused a change in my sentiments. It had inspired me with fresh hope, under the whisperings of which I was easily persuaded to stay for the grand bear hunt.

* * * * *

Next day, according to promise, Bradley brought back the horse, one of his negroes riding another.

His own was unsaddled and stabled, which told of his intention to make a stay.

Thus brought together, we were necessarily introduced, and for the first time, I exchanged speech with a man for whom I had felt such an instinctive aversion.

I saw that there was a black cloud upon his brow, whenever Miss Woodley took an interest in anything I said. Once, I caught his eye turned upon me, with a scowl so bitter, as almost to tempt me to take notice of it.

The situation appeared to be irksome to all the party. Our host did not seem easy with two such ill-assorted guests; his sister also showed signs of constraint.

Opportunely there came a relief. My late skiffman, Jake, who had been scouting through the woods, brought in the report that the pigeons were gathering in great numbers, and anxious to see how the sport was conducted in this district, I started with the rest, gun in hand, and Miss Woodley was for the time left alone.

I do not propose to give a description of pigeon shooting as practised in the backwoods of the West. In fact, I only speak of it in consequence of an incident which occurred, and which was near costing me my life.

Some of the party carried shot, and others were provided with the rifles.

Among those armed with the latter was Nat Bradley, who, as is usual with planters riding about, had brought his gun along with him.

I myself carried the same kind of weapon.

As in cover shooting, there is some danger in this sport—especially when the party is a large one, and at a season before the leaves have fallen from the trees. Each sportsman pursues his own course, without thinking of others, and as the birds may be either upon the ground, the wing, or perched upon the lowermost branches, guns are not always pointed to the sky.

With shot flying about, and now and then the bullet of a rifle, one might be excused for feeling a little nervous.

I have never been accused of being a coward, but I must confess that on this occasion there came a creeping, crawling feeling over me, as if there was some peril at my back—some forewarning of evil behind me—some admonition that an enemy was on my track.

I was not wrong. Suddenly the "z-zip" of a bullet was heard, and a shot came close to my ear.

So close had the thing come that I felt the current of air sweeping across my cheek, and turning suddenly to the tree behind me, saw the fresh score where the ball had buried itself in the bark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old lady, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion, in a glass that she usually looked into.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

TERMS.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;
OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We began June 13th a new novelet by Capt. Mayne Reid, called "THE PLANTER PIRATE." It will be accompanied with engravings.

Will our friends and patrons through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST *on trial* for six months for one dollar.

THE WEATHER.

An English gentleman, a Mr. Brumham, has come to some conclusions respecting the weather rather different from those which are usually held.

We are in the habit here of supposing that a cold winter will be followed by a hot summer, and a hot summer by a cold winter—forgetful that, if this were uniformly the case, we never should have anything else but extremely cold winters and hot summers, having once began with one of them, until the end of all things.

However it may be on this side of the ocean, Mr. Brumham affirms as a conclusion supported by the Greenwich tables of the weather for the past ninety-seven years, that *uniformity of temperature* invariably precedes extremes of heat or cold. In summer, such uniformity betokens a severe winter; and in winter, a hot summer.

Mr. Brumham says:—"When the range of mean temperature in the first quarter of the year has been less than two degrees, the succeeding summer has invariably been characterized by extraordinary heat. Six instances of this have occurred within the period under consideration, and there is but one instance of the summer temperature having reached ninety-five degrees, without the uniformity of temperature, less than one and a half degrees, having prevailed in the winter quarter."

Other laws are stated as follows:—"When the mean temperature of the months from December to March inclusive are above or about the average, the succeeding summer is *almost* always above the average: When the means from November to March inclusive are all above the average (except January), the succeeding summer is always above the average also: When the difference between the means of May and June is about one or one and a half degrees, the remainder of the summer is generally very cold. In a similar way, Mr. Brumham shows that it is possible to foretell the winters, and he gives as an 'infallible' rule—when the mean temperature of December is more than two degrees above that of November, the winter quarter (January, February, March) will always have a mean temperature considerably above the average."

Whether these statements be correct or not, this English gentleman evidently has gone to work in the right way. If we are ever to understand the laws which govern heat and cold, rain and drought, we must give up mere guessing, and study and compare facts. Just now, we in this part of the world, are puzzled with the excessive amount of rain. This Spring, according to our farmers, is the rainiest season that they have ever known. Never has it been so difficult to get their fields ploughed, and their corn in. There must be a cause for this, if we could but ascertain it.

We have a report, we know not how true a one, that the Gulf Stream is running over a hundred miles further from the coast this year than usual. If this be true, it may account for a somewhat cooler season; but we should think it would cause less rather than more moisture and rain. The whole subject, however, is enveloped in the mists and fogs of ignorance, and nothing but the lighted torch of patient scientific research can penetrate the gloom.

EVE AND ABEL.

We call the attention of our readers in Philadelphia and its vicinity to Mr. Jackson's Marble Group of EVE AND ABEL. This group has been very highly extolled by the critics of Boston and New York, and is well worthy of the attention of our citizens. It is on exhibition at Scott's Art Gallery, No. 1020 Chestnut street.

THREE SEWING MACHINES COMBINED IN ONE.

A new Plate—called the Bruen Plate—has been devised for the Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine, which, being substituted for the ordinary one, the operator is enabled to produce at will—

1st. The "Lock" (or Wheeler & Wilson) stitch, alike on both sides.

2d. The "Double Loop" (or so-called Grover & Baker) stitch.

3d. The Newly Patented Three-Thread Stitch (which for embroidery and ornamental sewing is not equalled.)

Thus the possessors of this plate can, at their option, make a stitch that is alike on both sides, or one that is more elastic. They can make a stitch that *can* be raveled, or one that *cannot* be raveled, as may be required. They can make a plain stitch or a stitch that is ornamental. They can sew from two ordinary spools of cotton or silk, without rewinding or filling bobbins. In fact, do all and every variety of work that can be done on either a Wheeler & Wilson or Grover & Baker Machine, besides executing work that neither of those machines is capable of doing.

Capable ladies of our acquaintance who have tried these plates, inform us that they are all that they are represented to be. And as many of those to whom we have furnished Sewing Machines as Premiums, may like to have them, we have made arrangements to furnish them at the regular price of Ten Dollars. Upon the receipt of which, we will send the Bruen Plate by express, at the cost of the person ordering it.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have received the following from Mr. Harbaugh, relative to this matter:—

MR. PETERSON:—In THE POST for June 6th, I noticed a communication from "M." relative to my "Prize Enigma," which appeared in THE POST in February. Her charges are very grave, and I feel it my duty to answer them.

In the first place, I will say that my offer was made and carried out in good faith. Some of my friends advised me to make an "April fool" of it, but I did not do it. I did not, as "M." says, coin the name of "Miss Lillie Osgood," though by that lady's statement I know it to be a fictitious one. In the few lines accompanying her solution she stated she withheld her real name, not wishing it to appear in THE POST, in case she should gain the prize. A great many did the same. I would gladly furnish the readers of THE POST with Miss Osgood's address did I possess it. I was requested to address "Miss Lillie Osgood, Pittsburg, Pa."

Miss "M." thinks it very strange that I should lose her (Miss Osgood's) solution. She will not think so when she reflects what a vast number of solutions I received. Several more mysteriously disappeared, one in particular from a gentleman in Philadelphia.

I have had two "Prize Enigmas" in the "Waverly Magazine," and the books were awarded as promised. If any of THE POST'S readers wish, I will furnish them with the whole address of the lucky ones, to whom they can write and satisfy all doubts.

Again, Miss "M." accuses me of composing the solution which *did* appear in "THE POST." I did not do so. Why? Simply because I could not do so, if I had tried. The author requested me to address "Miss Baker, care of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa."

The volume awarded to "Miss Osgood" was the handsomest one of the kind I could purchase. It is fit to adorn the parlor-table of any young lady.

Then the accuser takes the pains to array my real name before the readers of "THE POST." I thank her for her kindness, as it has saved me the trouble. Clerks sometimes act for the firm. I can see but one motive for her communication, and that is revenge. If she, or any of her friends, had been the recipient of the "Prize," all would have been well.

I wish she would send me her *real name* and address.

Hoping, Mr. Peterson, that I have cleared myself of the charges, I remain yours truly,

THOS. C. HARBAUGH,
Canstown, Ohio.

If there is such a lady as "Miss Lillie Osgood, of Pittsburg, Penn.," she undoubtedly is in the habit of reading THE POST, and will be able to inform us of the reception of the prize volume, and send us her real name and address. She will doubtless do so, seeing how necessary it is for Mr. Harbaugh's vindication. As to what Mr. Harbaugh says of "M.'s" motives, it is not a matter for further discussion. "M.'s" motives have nothing to do with the question—which is simply, did Mr. Harbaugh award the Prize volume, according to his promise, or did he not? We want no discussion and no evidence upon any other point. But this point we wish to be fully satisfied upon. Can Mr. Harbaugh send us the evidence of the Postmaster at Canstown, that he deposited a book in the Post-office, directed to "Miss Lillie Osgood?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COUSIN PAUL. By JESSIE GLENN. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ROSE MATHER. A Tale of the War. By Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," etc., etc. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. Chapters in the Philosophy of Education. By JOHN S. HART, LL.D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. Published by Eldredge & Brother, 17 and 19 South Sixth street, Phila.

FARADAY AS A DISCOVERER. By JOHN TYNDALL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE BLACK DWARF AND A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND REPRINTED PIECES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

RED GAUNTLET, by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, by CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE FAMILY ADVISER AND GUIDE TO THE MEDICINE CHEST. A Concise Hand-Book of Domestic Medicine. By a Physician. Published by John Wyeth & Brother, No. 1412 Walnut street, Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. June 1868. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

RHYMES OF LOVE AND LEISURE, with adapted pieces. By BENJ. G. HERR. Published by Wylie & Giest, Lancaster, Pa.

STAMP DUTIES. As amended by Act of Congress, approved March 2, 1867. A Card published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

["The Maid of Athens, immortalized by Byron, is now Mrs. Black of the Piræus. Mrs. Black is an excellent housekeeper, her house being one of the best ordered in all Greece. But if there is one thing in which she surpasses the rest of her sex, it is the art of pickling olives. I received a jar of the fruit from the Maid of Athens, which I keep as a precious memorial, with a fragment of the Parthenon, and a cane cut from the olive-grove of Plato."—*Felton's Lectures on Greece.*]

EPIGRAM.

The Maid of Athens bright and young,
Inspired the strain which Byron sung;
Now—"Athen's Matron" old and gray,
Is famous made another way.
On Felton's shelves her olives stand,
As hints to girls of Yankee land,
That Youth and Beauty soon are past,
Do what we will they cannot last;
While homely virtues plied with care,
Are fitted best for *lengthened* wear.

R. C. K.

TO YOUNG MEN.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

Young men, let me say a word to you about the beginning of your plans in life.

There are two ways opening up before every one of you. One lies literally along the surface of the earth. The other rests on the earth, but reaches toward heaven. Either of them may include worldly prosperity. One makes the whole experience earthy. The other, while it gives a man the possession of earthly joys, makes these the germs of higher and nobler ones.

Now, there are tens of thousands that, like the patriarch of old, have left their father's house. Some are exiled on a foreign shore. Some are on the sea. Some are in remote states. Some have come from rural districts to the city; from old occupations to new and untried ones.

Now, what a glorious beginning of life is that by which a young man consecrates himself, in the very first step, and distinctly purposes with himself and promises his God that he will unite earthly pursuits and ambitions with heavenly ambitions and pursuits, saying, "I will never sever my connection with heaven. My ladder shall stand on the ground, but its top shall never come down from the heavenly rest." That is not your planning. It were wise if it were. Oh, the wantonness and the shame of those who early essay to dispossess life of its moral restraints and its influences! There be many who make use of their first liberty to escape from home and to disown the inspiration which they consider superstition; to cast off the bands that hold them back from vice. They are not going to be tied to their father and mother by leading strings any longer, they say. They assert their liberty, supposing that liberty and license are one and the same thing. They mean to understand more of life. As if a knowledge of life were to be found by grovelling in its low and animal desires and pursuits! As if a man should seek himself, by going toward the lion, the ox, the hog, the beast of the field! There are some who suppose that knowledge is increased by knowing something of the morbid conditions of life. But blessed are they whose first vision is of angels when they go away from their father's and mother's house, and know that it is a vision of angels, and accept it as such.—*Herald of Health.*

The Man in the Iron Mask.

It is now generally known, or at least believed, that this mysterious being, concerning whom so many wild fables have been fabricated, was the son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria. That Queen's marriage was not a happy one with Louis XIII., who in his last illness said, "In my present situation it is my duty to forgive, but not to believe her. Louis XIV. is supposed to have been kept in ignorance of the fact of his having an elder brother (to whom, though born in wedlock, the same royal paternity as that to which he himself laid claim could not, with seeming probability, be ascribed,) until after the death of Mazarin, when state and family reasons necessitated secrecy on his part. For many years the wearer of the Iron Mask had resided at a chateau of Saint Margaret's Isle in the Sea of Provence, and the Marquis de Louvois was reported to have treated him there with the respect due to royalty.

WANTING FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends! Why you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked at his large, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

☞ The Northern Monthly has ceased to exist, and will hereafter be merged into Putnam's Monthly. It was first started as the New Jersey Magazine, and was always conducted with spirit and ability—perhaps too much of both to succeed.

☞ Parton has seen a letter written by President Andrew Jackson, in which there are fifty errors in spelling; and conversed with an intimate friend of Old Hickory, who heard him (Jackson) say that he didn't believe the world was round.

☞ The Newburyport Herald, speaking of Matthew Currier, now in his ninety-first year, who has worked at shoemaking seventy-five years, says "for three-quarters of a century he sat on his seat and pulled his ends." He must be a good deal elongated by this time.

☞ The worshippers at an Episcopal church at Buffalo were considerably edified on Ascension day, owing to the fact that a tom cat had taken refuge inside the organ, and insisted on accompanying the music with a series of unearthly yells peculiar to those creatures.

☞ Some wags took a drunken fellow, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being confined, he sat upright, and, after looking around, exclaimed, "Well, I'm the first that's ris, or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

The Mail Robber.

Fourteen years ago, I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, and did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, by the contract, until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know, "but suppose I haven't," says I.

"Why," says he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon this mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the the old fellow I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers through; but I only told you of this so that you might look out for your mail, and look out sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it; but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start, a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came out and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork-cut on the off fore-foot. I gave such directions as I considered neccesary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind o' curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame; full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horses a little. "Where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow ahead of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; and when I got in again, I pulled the mail-bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob me of the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering, the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team all through the drifts. When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail-bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and I tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few moments, I found that my foot was in the mail-bag! I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife!

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best to do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag, and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I would get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me; for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longee lived there, and directly before it a huge snow-bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shovelled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow, with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted upon my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and sang out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season, and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail-bag, and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and prayed; but we paid no attention to his blarney. Longee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littletown, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bag a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it. However, the mail-robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord, as an old offender; and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the state prison at the present moment. At any rate, he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any mail trouble; and I think that under all circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

☞ During the recent visit of the Emperor and Empress to Orleans, a descendant of Pierre d'Arc, brother of Joan of Arc, was presented to their Majesties. He is a lieutenant in the Ninth regiment of the line. "What proof exists of your pedigree?" asked his Majesty. "Letters patent of Charles VII., acknowledgments of Henry II., Louis XIII. and Charles X., which latter are registered." "You bear a grand name, lieutenant," said his Majesty. "And bear it bravely," added her Majesty. "Sire," said the sous-lieutenant, "as Jeanne served France and her King, I will serve your Majesty and France."

☞ A German physician reports that he has traced six cases of lead colic and paralysis to the use of tobacco held in leaden boxes. A French physician asserts that tobacco held in lead foil, improperly called tin foil, will finally become impregnated with a poisonous salt of lead.

☞ A woman living near Michigan City, wife of a respectable farmer, reports that as she was on her way to that city, in the midst of the terrible storm of two weeks since, just before it began to hail so fiercely, she noticed two white objects descend from the clouds and drop immediately in front of her. Running and picking them up, she found them to be *eggs*—apparently hen's eggs. She took them home, and on breaking one found the yolk to be as hard as if it had been boiled. The other egg has been "set" under a hen. An exchange thinks it will probably hatch an angel.

☞ At Manchester, N. H., is a tall disused chimney which has been taken possession of by a swarm of swallows. They occupy the chimney a great portion of the day and night, issuing and returning with great regularity. Their number is variously estimated at from ten to fifty thousand. Issuing from the mouth of the chimney it is as if a great column of smoke were pouring out, and returning they look like a stream or cataract of water being continuously turned down the opening. They are as thick and lively as a swarm of bees, and the very air is darkened with the immense masses of these birds.

☞ The English Court of Chancery will soon hear a case in which the plaintiff is a shoemaker, but nevertheless the representative of one of the oldest, and formerly one of the noblest, houses in Lancashire. He is the son of a dyer, the grandson of a tailor, the great grandson of a weaver, and the great great grandson of a tailor, whose father, grandfather, great grandfather and all other lineal ancestors were gentlemen, esquires, knights and lords in the land up to the reign of King John.

☞ A learned looking gentleman who wears spectacles, and was elected as a judge at the recent election in Alabama, draws soup regularly every day at the city soup house in Montgomery.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.—Both parties profess to have a majority, and there are two city governments, one with a Mayor, and the other a Mayor *ad interim*. The Courts are to be appealed to.

CONGRESS.—The bill admitting the six states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana to representation in Congress has passed, and is now before the President.

The nomination of Hon. Reverdy Johnson as Minister to England was sent to the Senate, and confirmed without the usual reference to a committee.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.—The Chinese Embassy, with Anson Burlingame at its head, has been presented to the President, and received with distinguished honors on the floor of the National House of Representatives.

THE FENIANS.—The Canadian Government is continuing its military preparations. Military camps are to be stationed at all the exposed points. The authorities of Toronto have been ordered to prepare billets for 15,000 men. The Royal Battalion are to be concentrated for drill purposes. The Toronto Globe says the Fenian movement has begun, that forces are concentrating at Buffalo and other points, and that a raid into Canada is possible any day after the 20th inst. Our government should see to it at once that no hostile movements are set on foot against our neighbors. Besides, how has Canada injured the Irish? Canada has not even a single representative in Parliament.

THE HARVESTS.—Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and other States of the South are harvesting their wheat, of good quality and satisfactory in quantity.

SENATOR FESSENDEN.—A number of leading Republicans in Boston propose to give a public dinner to Senator Fessenden, as an endorsement of his integrity and independence. It is stated that Gov. Bullock will preside, and that James Russell Lowell, ex-Governor Washburne, President Hill, of Harvard College, and other prominent Republicans will be present.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.—The suffering at the South is proved in many ways by unimpeachable witnesses, but the strongest evidence of the distress is to be found in the miserably low prices at which real estate is sold. The following inadequate amounts are reported by a correspondent of a Hartford (Conn.) paper, to have been obtained at a recent auction sale in South Carolina:—350 acres of land, $50; 250 acres, $310; 95 acres, $45; 107 acres, $225; 70 acres, $100; 2,500 acres, $1,005; sheep, $1 per head, and everything in proportion.

IT is reported that in three counties in North Carolina over four hundred families have joined the Emigration Society, with a view to removal from that State during the present summer and settling in Indiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—There is considerable excitement in New Orleans growing out of the refusal of old municipal officers to yield to those chosen at the late election. Mr. Conway, the Mayor elect, was refused possession of his office on the 10th, by Heath, the old incumbent, who said he did not acknowledge the legality of the election, or General Buchanan's orders. Conway, however, was installed by means of a police force, which, under military direction, arrested Heath and transferred the office to Conway. A writ of quo warranto was issued against Conway, but it was impossible to carry it into effect.

GERMANY.—The North German Confederation proposes to the Grand Powers of Europe and America, the adoption of an international treaty to guarantee absolute security from seizure of private property upon the high seas in time of war.

The Prussian Government is about to commence works for the extension and strengthening the fortifications of Cologne.

Riotous demonstrations were recently made in Luxemburg in favor of France. The disorder was promptly repressed, and the leaders arrested.

The Austrian Riechsrath has adopted a bill providing for the sale of the domains of the State.

SERVIA.—Despatches by the Atlantic Cable announce that Prince Michael III., the ruler of Servia, was assassinated in Belgrade on the evening of June 10th. It is conjectured that Prince Michael's intention to co-operate with the Sultan, in his liberal policy, has aroused the fanatical opposition of the old Turk party.

HUMANE.—The Paris Moniteur states that the Czar has made a proposal to Napoleon that Russia and France unite in an effort to induce all civilized nations to abandon the use of torpedoes and explosive projectiles in war. It is not proposed to do away with all kinds of explosive projectiles, but only with rifle and musket bullets which bury themselves in the flesh and explode. The disuse of this murderous invention receives the unqualified approval of Napoleon.

HAYTI.—Port au Prince advices report that the rebels are steadily increasing their successes. President Salnave is entirely surrounded by the insurgents, and his adherents are deserting him, his principal Minister, Delorme, having escaped to England. Fires are of constant occurrence, and the foreigners attribute them to the vindictiveness of Salnave, who has repeatedly threatened to burn Port au Prince rather than allow the rebels to gain possession.

IN Mexico and Peru things are as unsettled as usual.

Hats of Great Men.

Knox, the New York hatter, used to make all of Daniel Webster's hats, the size of which was seven and five-eighths. Mr. Thurlow Weed wears a hat of the same size as that worn by Webster. Abraham Lincoln wore a hat seven and one-sixteenth in size. The largest hat Mr. Knox ever sold was eight inches in length, while the smallest was but six and one-fourth inches. The late Daniel Lord's hat was six and seven-eighths inches in size; Horace Greeley wears a hat seven and one-half in size, while James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, has a long head, and covers it with a hat seven and three-eighths and one-sixteenth in size. The head of Hon. James T. Brady, of New York, is as large as that of any public man in the country. It should be remembered that the quality of the brain is as important as its size—as a pound of gold is worth more than a pound of silver.

☞ "Mrs. Jenkins," said a little girl with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you'll oblige her by lending her a stick of fire-wood, filling her cruet with vinegar, putting a little soft-soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey gobbler roost on our fence."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS!—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TO AN INFANT.

Thou camest in sunshine. May sunshine attend
All thy coming and going in life to the end;
And o'er thee all sorrow and heaviness pass
As lightly as cloud-shadows flee o'er the grass.

☞ The Mormon problem is solved; Paris fashions are finding a foothold in Utah, and every Elder will be ruined in six months. Think of one man dressing 20 women!

☞ Mr. Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, probably pays the largest pew tax of any individual in the country. He worships at the Second Congregational (Unitarian) Church, where the taxes are levied on individual property instead of on pews. His tax is upwards of thirteen hundred dollars, and he cheerfully pays it.

☞ The word "its" is nowhere to be found in the English version of the Bible. "Its," the possessive of "it," was not in our language till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Anglo-Saxon word is "his," and this is the word for "its" used by the translators.

☞ The whole amount of gold mined in this country since the gold regions were opened a few years ago amounts to twelve hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or about half of our national debt.

☞ COLONIAL POETRY.—The Australian Churchman, which circulates among the churchmen and educated classes of Australia, has a poem on the shooting of Prince Alfred. The following is a specimen verse:

"Australians, we have a weight to bear,—
That in this land of gold
An act most foul, most terrible,
It makes your blood run cold,
To think that our beloved Prince,
So gentle, good, and kind,
Should in the act of benevolence
Be shot at from behind."

☞ There is a conscientious criminal serving a term of imprisonment at Krems, Austria, who asks for a new trial on the ground that his sentence is not sufficiently severe.

☞ An Indiana Judge recently decided, in a fishing case, that if a man owned ten miles of a river bank, it would not give him right of property in a single fish until after he had caught it.

☞ A man in Glasgow, Missouri, has constructed the model of a machine which reaps, threshes, cleans and sacks wheat at one operation.

☞ At Dubuque, Iowa, last week, three sisters were married on the same evening. The first two couples acted as bridesmaids and groomsmen for each other.

☞ The Melbourne Parliament has made it penal to refuse to drink the Queen's health, and to discuss the separation of the colonies from the mother country. This is the kind of tyranny which perfects revolutions.

☞ A peculiar circle was observed around the sun at Boston, last week, which gave rise to much speculation. One of the savans of the Hub explains that its appearance was attributable "to the inferior diaphanicity of the circumferential adumbration, in photometric comparison with the superjacent cirro-cumuli," and that "the phenomenon was merely hygrometric." Boston is satisfied with this explanation.

☞ Shooting stars are continually passing through space. Professor Loomis says 8,000,000 shoot through the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Most of them are very small—480 to the ounce!

☞ Extract of beef is now manufactured in the countries bordering the river Platte, (South American) at the rate of a million pounds yearly. One pound of the extract contains the essence of twenty-five pounds of beef.

☞ Rev. Col. John M. Chivington, of Indian massacre notoriety, has just married his daughter-in-law—the widow of his son Thomas.

☞ Galignani has the following:—"M. Gaudin is said to have made a chemical discovery which may cause quite a revolution in jewelry. He has succeeded in obtaining crystallized masses that may be cut into any shape and colored in every possible way. They are exceedingly hard and will cut glass. It is asserted that he has had a whole set of 'diamond' ear-rings, bracelets and necklaces made with these crystals of his."

☞ The latest invention is said to be ink made from India-rubber. It has been suggested that writers inclined to "stretch a story" will make use of the article.

The *Boston Transcript* says the odor of Burnett's FLORIMEL is that of an exquisite bouquet of choice and delicate flowers.

Burnett's Toilet Preparations and Flavoring Extracts were submitted, years ago, to the public, in the belief that their *quality* would insure them success. In this the proprietors were not disappointed.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.

WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 608 Arch street. my30-3m

Russia Salve cures Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises.
Russia Salve cures Old Scrofulous Sores, Piles.
Russia Salve cures Eruptions, Felons, Flesh Wounds.
Russia Salve cures all Cutaneous Disorders.
Redding & Co., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. By mail, 35 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, rubbed vigorously over the Chest and Throat, will cure in a single night coughs, colds and catarrh; for the last, rub it freely over forehead and nose. It never fails to cure.

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

NEVER wear a cough, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it. je13-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, D. D., of New Jersey, assisted by the Rev. Dr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, of Phila., Major WILLIAM W. WURTS to Miss ANNA M. D. LIPPINCOTT, both of this city.

On the 29th of May, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN BARNES to Miss LEVINIA C. LECHLER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE W. NEFF to Miss MARY A. BREWNER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. GEORGE M. ATHERTON to Mrs. MARY E. BERTT, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, D. D., Mr. FREDERICK MANNES to Miss MARGARET J. WHITE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH POTTER, in her 76th year.

On the 9th instant, WINFIELD W., son of H. J. and Mary Heimbold, in his 20th year.

On the 8th instant, EVA MARIA, wife of Wm. Bachmann, in her 62d year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM P. HARRIS, in his 35th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM S. ARMSTRONG, M. D., aged 31 years.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM S. FURNESS, aged 42 years.

On the 7th instant, EDWARD R. BROWN, in his 51st year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY DALZELL, in her 93d year.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE M. BANKS, in his 35th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 6000 bbls sold at $7,75@8,75 for superfine, $8,75@9,50 for extra, $9,50@10,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10@11,50 for Penna extra family, $10,50@12,50 for Ohio extra family, and $13,75@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $9,25@9,50.

GRAIN—There has been more inquiry for prime Wheat. About 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,60 for prime, $2,70@2,75 for fair to good, and $2,80@2,85 for common; white ranges from $2,90@3 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye: 8000 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,85@2. Corn: about 80,000 bus sold at $1,15@1,16½ for Western mixed, and $1,18@1,20 ₩ bus for prime yellow. Oats: about 30,000 bus sold at 85@90c for Western; 88@93c for Penna, and 90c@$1 ₩ bus for prime light Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market has been quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $23,50@20, and prime at $24@24,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27,50@28. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19½@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18c; and Shoulders at 12½@14½c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 17½@18½c, and salt Shoulders at 12½c. Lard—Sales of 800 bbls and tcs at 17½@18c ₩ lb; and kegs at 19c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 14@21c, and roll at 15@22c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 14@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 500 bales of middlings sold at 29½@30½c for Uplands, and 30@31½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 7@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½@8½c, and 30,000 lbs of halves at 12c ₩ lb. Parod Peaches range at from 10@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $4@8 ₩ bbl.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 11@11½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5½@7½ cts ₩ lb. 5400 Hogs sold at from $13 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

TWO DAYS.

White as snow were the dog-wood blooms,
The heavens were sweetly blue;
And the air was laden with sweet perfumes
From the myriad flowers that grew.

The south wind stirred in the meadow grass,
And ruffled the lark's brown wing;
And the creamy buds of the sassafras
Awoke with the breath of Spring.

The linnet broke with his joyous lay
The winter's lengthened hush;
The wide woods rang with the voice of the jay
And the song of the speckled thrush.

Fair and bright was the April day
As I lay in the scented grass,
Waiting for one who would come that way,
For one I knew would pass.

Near me there, with a musical flow,
The rivulet wandered down
Over the pebbles that shone below
Yellow and red and brown.

All over the banks the azure eyes
Of the violets glistened blue;
And thick as stars in the jewelled skies
The purple pansies grew.

On through the meadow and over the hill,
By the path that led that way,
On through the meadow and down by the mill,
On that balmy April day,

Came she for whose coming I waited there
In the fragrant meadow grass—
Lay and waited that morning where
I knew she so soon would pass.

Sweet as a bird's as she wound along,
Were the bright little maiden's tones,
As gayly singing a blithesome song
She crossed on the stepping stones.

Twin little feet, how dainty their tread;
Bright eyes glancing down;
Dark green satchel, and shawl of red,
Tresses of gold and brown.

Years have gathered the seed they cast,
And fled like a round of dreams;
Yet that April day far back in the past,
How wondrously near it seems!

Again, as of old, now the south wind blows,
In the self same spot I lie
Where the pansy blooms, and the violets grows,
And the rivulet wanders by.

Oh, bright, fresh flowers, do you bloom less fair,
Oh, wind, is your breath more chill,
For the sweet young eyes, and the brown gold hair,
And the lips that are hushed and still?

Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

CHARLES THE BARRISTER'S FIX.

"I hardly like relating my fix," I began, "for at first sight there appears to be something dishonorable and ungentlemanly about it; but really, when the matter is explained, you will all see that I was more sinned against than sinning—that the whole thing was more a thoughtless overflow of the exuberant spirits of careless young men, than an intention to do anything wrong—and that, when the fix placed me clearly in a dishonorable position, I acted honorably. It was, however, a warning to me on a subject that I dare say Brother Ned often preaches about—namely, if you begin anything wrong, you never can tell where you will be carried. To give you a slight clue to what is coming, let me just add, that instead of losing a wife or wives by my fix, it was by that very predicament that I gained mine.

"You will remember that I was always considered a very pretty boy; and in early days, when we were all children, you used to say that I ought to have been a girl. When I was about twenty-one years old, I was staying one long vacation with some friends of mine in the 110th regiment, then quartered in Ireland. In the regiment, there was a certain Captain Dundee, who was rather a heavy, stupid fellow, though a pretty good officer, and who prided himself upon being very sharp. He used to boast that nobody could take him in, and that he would recognize a person in any conceivable disguise. I was very intimate with Captain Dundee, and so far from thinking him very sharp, I used to abuse him for his stupidity, and was always chaffing him on the subject.

"One evening at mess, when Captain Dundee was not present, bets were made that I could not pass an evening in his company dressed as a lady without his discovering the trick. I betted that I could do so. Many officers took my side, and at last it ended in very heavy bets indeed being made, not by me, but, what was worse, by my friends, for I felt that their losing or gaining almost a fortune depended entirely on me. As the day drew near, these bets were doubled. I quite trembled for the result. I may mention that, though I did not know it, almost all these bets were fictitious, and only proclaimed for the sake of keeping me up to the mark. In fact, those concerned thoughtlessly wanted to have a jolly lark, and were afraid of my backing out. As it was, I felt that about fifteen thousand pounds in bets depended on my getting through the evening safely in my assumed character as a young lady.

"Captain Dundee had married a young, larky, care-for-nothing, stick-at-nothing Irish girl. I do not at all mean to say that she was really bad; but, from thoughtlessness, from a not overrefined nature, and from very exuberant, uncontrolled spirits, she would rush into a scrape, little thinking or caring about the consequences, or how she should get out of it successfully. The bet was, that the first evening Mr. Fenwick could get an invitation for himself and an imaginary niece, Miss Fenwick, to dine with the Dundees, I was to personate, or attempt to personate, the niece; and the said bet, moreover, was to the effect that I should successfully deceive Captain Dundee till such time as the party separated, however late the hour might be.

"Without my knowledge, Mrs. Dundee was let into the secret; hence all my trouble. She, in her wild Irish way, quite entered into the joke, and at once determined to make confusion worse confounded.

"Very soon a note came, stating that Captain and Mrs. Dundee requested the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Miss Fenwick to dinner in a quiet way on the 10th instant. Only one or two brother-officers were coming. The fatal day arrived. Remember, I thought that thousands depended on the result, and that Mrs. Dundee was as ignorant as her husband of my intended appearance. Imagine me with a profusion of false black curls; a flower or two stuck here and there; no end of lady's jewelry—rings, ear-rings, brooch, &c.; a thin muslin dress, with high body; my face skillfully painted. In fact, I was altogether very well made up by a first-rate hand sent for from Dublin. Partly to keep up my courage and get me up to the mark, and partly because I knew that in my assumed character I must not drink much wine; I imbibed a considerable quantity before I started. Moreover, in a secret pocket, I concealed a small flask of brandy, with which I hoped to be able to keep up my spirits on the sly.

"At table, I played my part well. I talked and flirted, chattered about dancing and so forth, and protested I was mad about balls. Poor wretch that I was, I wish I had held my tongue; I was unwittingly rushing to destruction. I drank as much champagne as I dared in my assumed character, and thought everything was going all right, and that my friends were quite sure to win their money. Scarcely had the cloth been removed, when Mrs. Dundee said: 'I have a pleasing surprise for you all, good people. A few days ago, I received an invitation from Sir George and Lady Clonmell to a ball at their house this evening, with permission to bring any of my friends. Sir George lives twelve miles off. Dundee has secured the large omnibus from the inn, and ordered four horses, and we are to start at nine o'clock. We can all go together: we shall have a jolly evening, and I am delighted to think that you will be able to enjoy yourself, Miss Fenwick.'

"Good gracious! how my heart sank within me. My bet held good till the time we all separated. My friends must lose their money. I could never get through a ball, I knew. I said my dress was high, and would not do for a ball.

"'My maid,' said Mrs. Dundee, 'shall dress you in one of my evening-dresses.'

"'No, that she shan't,' I almost shrieked out; 'if I must go, I will go just as I am. I am so delicate that the doctors will not allow me to wear a low dress.'

"'Perhaps, dear, you would like her to dress your hair differently; she is very clever; or to put another wreath on your head?'

"'Oh no; thank you,' said I; and most bitterly did I inwardly abuse my luck, but I almost gasped: 'If you have a spare room where I could wash my hands, and just put my hair straight for myself, I should be very much obliged.'

"I was shown into a room, and sat down the very picture, I am sure, of despair. It now began to flash across me, too, that what was, to say the least, a not overcreditable joke among a few larky brother-officers, would be very dishonorable if practised on society at large; that it would be very wrong of me to go to a ball at Sir George's disguised as a young lady; that I might get into some awkward scene; that I might be the means of unintentionally causing pain and shame to some ladies. Oh dear! I was doubting in my mind whether I should be taken suddenly ill, and have myself conveyed home; or whether I should send for Mrs. Dundee, and make a clean breast of it; little thinking that all the time the wretch knew my fix. But then my friends would lose fifteen thousand pounds. Oh horrible! Just at that moment my hand unluckily touched the pocket in which was my flask; to pull it out and drain it was only the work of a moment or two. My courage returned at once; my spirits rose only too rapidly; I *would* go through with it, I *would* win. My scruples vanished into thin air—I forgot them. I was not drunk, but terribly excited.

"Soon the lady's maid entered with hot water, brushes, &c. I remember I felt very much inclined to chuck her under the chin, and ask her to get me some more brandy on the sly. The mere thought, however, steadied me at once as it struck me how nearly I had made a mess of the whole matter. I sat down before the glass, touched up my hair, somewhat composed my flushed face, shook out my skirts, rinsed my mouth with Eau de Cologne, to remove the smell of brandy, and put scent on a new lace pocket-handkerchief I had borrowed from Mrs. Dundee. I had often acted a lady's part in private theatricals, and was tolerably *au fait* at my work. When I descended to the drawing-room, Mrs. Dundee looked me over. Oh, how I shuddered when she touched one of my curls, and wished to put it quite straight. Knowing as she did my assumed character, she must have been mightily amused at the way in which I said: 'Oh, please, don't. I hate all finishing-touches of every kind.'

"In due course of time, the four-horse 'bus came round, and we drove to Sir George Clonmell's. My spirits had again sunk to zero; I feared I should not be able to keep up my character, and instinctively I felt I was doing wrong. Oh, those horrible bets! There were several of the 110th in the room. I danced with two. One was in my secret, the other was not. Any one who had overheard us would have been amazed at the conversation between my partner who was in the secret and myself.

"'Fred, my boy, when *will* supper come? *Do* take me to some room where I can get some bitter beer or something to drink.'

"'Can't do it, old fellow, at any price; you would be found out, and I should lose my money: you must get on as best you can without drink.'

"'But I am dying with thirst; I can't hold on till supper-time, and my pluck is oozing out at my finger-ends, for I feel I am in a mess, and I am sure I shall put my foot into it, and be discovered, if I do not get some stimulant to keep me up.'

"'Can't help it, my boy; you must do your best. I tell you what you had better do—smuggle your flask out of your pocket, and give it to me; I will fill it with sherry; and then, while you and I take the one turn together on the terrace which propriety allows, you must contrive to drink it.'

"Soon supper was announced, and I felt better. If, however, my partner, who was Fred, had not been in the secret, he would have been perfectly astonished to see how very much I ate, and how very many glasses I drank on the sly when I thought nobody was noticing. Fred watched one side of the table, and I the other. When he thought no one was looking, he would give me a kick; and if I was satisfied that I was not watched on my side, down went the champagne in the twinkling of an eye.

"At length the company began to disperse, and rather quickly too, for rain was pouring, and an awful thunder-storm evidently coming on. I heard more than one anxious parent hasten their charge away with: 'Come, come, my dear; you must come now, or, as papa says, we shall be obliged to stay here all night.'

"The words did not strike me much at the moment, but did they not afterwards? Soon the storm broke; it was something frightful; and after the severity of the thunder and lightning had spent itself, the rain came down in torrents, and gave every sign of continuing to pour in that way for some hours. Sir George and Lady Clonmell would not hear of the few guests who remained going home. 'Such weather! no one ever saw anything like it: the river was swollen, the ford impassable. The house was very large; the young ladies could sleep two in a bed.' (O goodness, how my heart sank!) 'the bachelors must rough it for once; the cushions in the smoking-room and billiard-room were very soft.'

"A few desperate, and, as I thought, happy people *would* go. Mrs. Dundee easily persuaded her husband to stop. What on earth was I to do? My face showed the mess I was in, for one of my friends came, and whispered to me: 'Keep your pluck up, old boy; a few more minutes, and you will have won your bet, for you are sure to be separated from old Dundee, and may,' he wickedly added, 'perhaps be joined to some one better.' Oh, how I did inwardly abuse everything and everybody. The sleeping arrangements were soon made. Of course, unless compelled by circumstances, I was not going to state who I was. It struck me that Mrs. Dundee, who was a great friend of Lady Clonmell, rather favored me. Hurrah! it ended that I was to sleep alone in a tiny little bedroom, close to that of Captain and Mrs. Dundee. Hurrah! thought I; I will lock my door, set all the ladies' maids at defiance, and throw myself to-morrow on Mrs. Dundee for help and protection, with an ample confession and apology, for she must at anyrate, in a few days, know the truth, and she will help me out of my mess and out of the house.

"'Good-night, Lady Clonmell.' 'Good-night, my dear Miss Fenwick; I hope you will sleep comfortably.'

"My conscience smote me, as the kind-hearted, impulsive old Irish lady kissed my forehead.

"I was alone in my bedroom; I had not locked my door, because I was waiting till the lady's-maid had called and asked if she could do anything more for me. Of course, a decided peremptory, 'No, I thank you,' would have been the answer. And there I sat with my elbows, in a most unladylike manner, on both my knees, my head filled with the most unmaidenly thoughts. They were compounded of a semi-prayer of thankfulness to the presiding genius of luck for having pulled me, as I thought, quite through my scrape, and a mixture of doubt as to whether I had better trust the heathen deity of 'Baccy, and smoke a couple of cigars out of my open window, or for once in a way chew a bit. Tobacco in some shape I felt I must have, to soothe my excited nerves.

"A knock at the door. 'Come in;' and I added to myself: 'It is only that *bête noir* of a lady's-maid. I will dismiss her, and then hey for 'baccy.' She did come in, but not the lady's-maid was she. Radiant with beauty, exquisitely flushed with excitement, robed in a most charming dressing-gown, with hair hanging down her back, there entered a young lady I had been introduced to, and who had rather taken my fancy, in the course of the evening—one Miss Evenlode."

"What! Charles; why, that was your wife's maiden name," ejaculated more than one of the circle who were assembled in the *parson's study listening to my fix.*

My wife looked sheepish; but I went on. "Do not interrupt me; hear me out. 'O dear Miss Fenwick,' said Miss Evenlode, 'I am so sorry to disturb you, but you know what a state of confusion the house is in, and I find somebody else has got my bedroom. I have been undoing my hair in Aunt Clonmell's room, and now she has sent me here to say, with her love, that she hopes you will allow me to share your chamber. She knows, Miss Fenwick, as Mrs. Dundee told her, that you have always been accustomed to be alone, and cannot bear anybody in the room; but she hopes that, under the circumstances of the case, you will excuse her request this time. And we shall be so jolly together; won't we talk over our partners, and quiz them nicely!'

"The girl spoke in a very lively, natural manner, but did not particularly look at me. Had she done so, she must have noticed that I was almost choking—black in the face—going into a fit. 'Good Heavens, Miss Evenlode, I can't, I shan't, I won't—you must not, you ought not—O dear!' In the horrible embarrassment of the moment, I covered my eyes with my hands. Miss Evenlode seemed struck dumb with astonishment, and no wonder. 'You *must* go,' I said; 'I can't, I won't have you here.'

"'Of course,' she replied, 'I will go if you wish it, and tell my aunt, Lady Clonmell, what you say; but I have had such trouble to avoid being seen by those horrible men, that I must wait a bit to see if the coast is clear. You see the men are very well in their way, and I enjoy dancing with them; but I should not like to be caught by them looking the fright I am now.'

"I groaned audibly, and shivered with shame. I could not tell what was the right thing for me to do. Another knock at the door—no, not a knock, a bump and an entrance without permission. Enter Mrs. Dundee.

"'I know what's the matter,' said she; 'I have known the secret all along. Miss Fenwick, pardon me, for the fix I have rather unwittingly led you into. Miss Evenlode, Miss Fenwick is a man, and a gentleman,' she added with emphasis. As for Miss Evenlode, she seemed inclined to faint. 'His being here in this disguise,' continued Mrs. Dundee, 'has been brought about by a chain of circumstances quite unlooked for by him, and not expected by me. If you will take my advice, Miss Evenlode, you will come with me, and keep your own counsel about this silly business. Nothing short of perfect silence will prevent awkwardness (to say the least of it) to everybody. Miss Fenwick, who is Mr. Charles Temple, will leave early to-morrow with me. I will stop my husband's mouth. You can tell Lady Clonmell to-morrow that when you came to Miss Fenwick's room you found it quite empty. Ere long, part of the story may come out. If your aunt thinks at all about it, she will think that Mr. Temple was a gentleman, and never even went into his room at all, but contrived to shift for himself elsewhere.'

"Miss Evenlode fell in with the plan, which, under the circumstances, was a wise one. During the few moments that followed, but one remark was made. 'Miss Evenlode,' I said, 'I grieve that through my folly, for it deserves no harsher name, you should be in such a fix.'

"'Mr. Charles Temple,' said she laughing, 'do not trouble yourself about me. I am very sorry for you, for I think that yours is *the biggest fix of all.*'

"I need only say that I passed the night very comfortably—the load being off my mind at last. The next morning I had an awful headache, but managed to get out of the house, and off home, before anybody was stirring. It is the only time that I ever wore the petticoats. Not that I am sorry for it—for the Miss Evenlode of those days is now my wife, and, as Mrs. Charles Temple, is at this moment sitting before you."

And so ended my story. My wife was immediately appealed to, to corroborate, as she fully did, the truth of what I had narrated. Ere long, the company separated, and the five brothers were soon in dreamland, their minds wandering possibly among the scenes of their Five Fixes.

REJECTED.

You wrote that you wanted to wed,
And proved that you were not a man, sir;
Only half of the letter I read,
And I gave you "No" for an answer.

Why hide from the question you ask,
Behind the fool's screen of a letter?
Why is facing a woman a task,
If you wanted so truly to get her?

A woman is worthy her price,
At least while her chances are plenty;
And you know she has many a choice
Before she arrives at sweet twenty.

True lovers are tender to woo,
And 'tis seldom they fail in their wooing;
But a bachelor's shame be on you
To thus shrink from the deed you are doing?

If I was so dear in your sight,
You should have come up like a man, sir,
With a few honest words, and I might
Have given you a different answer.

The Vienna Police.

An Hungarian, whom we will call Herr S———, had been staying a few days at Vienna, and wished to leave the next morning for Pesth, where he had important business. He had already taken his ticket, when to his horror he missed his passport, without which he could not obtain the necessary permission from the police to leave the city.

What was to be done? To attempt to travel without the required document would have been a dangerous experiment. He hurried to the police-office, explained the case, referred the officer to the books in which his arrival with passport had been duly entered, but all to no purpose, no permission could he obtain.

"Hungarians had often given away their passports to Polish or Italian refugees, and the officials must first ascertain that he had not done so too."

There was no answer to this objection, for it was perfectly correct. After applying to the Hungarian Chancery, but with no better success, he bethought him, as a last resource, of trying what could be done through a Herr von H———, the Secretary of Prince Metternich, a Hungarian by birth, and an old friend of Herr S———. Herr von H——— said:

"The police are right, and cannot act otherwise. I only know of one way in which you can get out of the difficulty; but if I tell you, you must promise not to say a word about it to any one for two years."

Herr S——— gladly gave the promise.

"Well, then, go back to the office, and behave with great insolence. When you see that this does not answer, say you insist on speaking to Herr von Meyer. That will produce an effect."

Herr S——— hurried to the office.

"I should like to know if you are going to give me the permission or no?" bawled Herr S———.

"You have had your answer," said the officer.

"Potztausend! are we Hungarians to be treated in this manner? I demand the permission."

"You will get nothing here by insolence, young man."

"My patience is at an end. Hand it over, I say."

"If you talk in that style, we shall show you—"

"I will not talk to you any longer. I demand to speak to Herr von Meyer."

The name acted like a spell. The director immediately tried to appease Herr S———, gave him the certificate, and the next day he was able to start and keep his appointment.

But who could this Herr von Meyer be, whose influence seemed so overpowering, and of whom he had never heard before, and could learn nothing now. The problem puzzled Herr S——— sadly.

Two years being past, he asked Herr von H——— for a solution.

He laughed heartily and said—

"'Herr von Meyer' was the police watchword on that day. Your bold tone, coupled with the knowledge of the watchword, convinced them that you were one of the initiated and some very big don whom it might be very impolitic to offend."

What to Do with My Sons!

What is to be done with gentlemen's sons, is a question of growing difficulty. The old "genteel professions" are getting overdone. Paterfamilias is beginning very naturally to inquire whether it will be prudent for him to spend a great sum on his son's education for a profession in which it is a bare chance if the youth will ever come to any good. Educate him to be a lawyer—he may never get a brief, or miserably hang on for years, picking up now and then a few guineas. Make him a doctor—what a struggle to get into practice. Rear him for the church—worse and worse. Fathers of even a lofty turn of mind seem now inclined to look at these things commercially. They put the costs on one side, and the hazards on the other—and pause. We know a duke who has sent his younger son into a counting-house, there to rise by his skill and assiduity. And this is only one of many such facts. The attainment of wealth and social eminence through commercial pursuits and colonial enterprise is acquiring a significant prominence. The old professions are falling relatively behind. There was a time when a parish clergyman could keep pace with landed proprietors of a moderate standard. He can now barely do so with the farmers, and possibly, in point of means, falls behind the village grocer. In all this, there is food for reflection. Parents are puzzled. They are turning their eyes in the direction of trade. Goldsmith's delicate satire, "If you wish a genteel profession, bind yourself seven years to turn a cutler's wheel," is, after all, becoming a reasonable recommendation.

The Ladies of Llangollen.

[From Mr. Alger's interesting volume, "Friendships of Women," we take this romantic story.]

The most remarkable instance in history, perhaps, of a pair of female friends is the romantic example of the Ladies of Llangollen, whose story, widely renowned two generations ago, is now obliterated from popular knowledge, save in meagre literary allusions.

A little after the middle of the eighteenth century, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, two young women of wealth and high station, formed an extreme mutual attachment, and were possessed with an ardent desire to forsake the world, and devote their lives to each other. Taking measures accordingly, they departed to an obscure retreat in the country. Their relatives frowned on this eccentricity, traced them out in their hiding-place, and despite their protestations, separated them, and brought them back. But they soon effected a second elopement, which proved a successful and permanent one. Confiding the place of their flight only to a single faithful servant, they sacrificed, in the prime of their lives, the prizes and the glare of the fashionable world, and settled down in a secret nook of beauty and peace. In the romantic valley of Llangollen, in Wales, one of the sweetest and quietest spots on earth, they bought a charming cottage, fitted it up with every comfort, and adorned it with exquisite taste. Here, in this remote and lovely haunt, amply provided with books, pictures, and other means of culture, giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their own society, they lived together in uninterrupted contentment for nearly threescore years. For a long period, their neighbors, ignorant of their names, knew them only as the "Ladies of the Vale." For a quarter of a century, it is said, they never spent twenty-four hours at a time out of their happy valley.

They seem never to have fallen out, never to have wearied of each other, never to have repented of their repudiation of public life. By books and correspondence, they kept up a close connection with the brilliant world they had deserted. The romance of their action, penetrating far and wide through cultivated circles, brought many distinguished visitors to their hospitality—literary and titular celebrities from all parts of Great Britain, likewise from the continent. Many of these became fast friends to them; and in letters to other persons, speak of their fine qualities of sentiment and taste, their engaging traits of character and manners. Madame Genlis writes rapturously of her tarry with them, the charms of their residence, and especially the Æolian harp, which she there heard for the first time, amid the befitting associations of the mystic legends and natural minstrelsy of Welsh landscape. Mrs. Tighe, also, the winsome but unfortunate authoress of the "Loves of Psyche and Cupid," on departing from their cottage, after a delighted stay, left upon her table a beautiful sonnet addressed to them.

Lady Eleanor was of middle height, and somewhat over-plump, her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She had not fine features, but they were agreeable—enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. She had uncommon strength and fidelity of memory, an exhaustless fund of knowledge, and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, was very awakened; and she expressed all she felt with an ingenuous ardor, at which cold-spirited beings stared. Both the ladies read and spoke most of the modern languages, and were warm admirers of the Italian poets, especially of Dante. Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, was neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive was her address; her voice kind and low. A face rather long than round, a complexion clear, but without bloom, with a countenance whose soft melancholy lent it peculiar interest. If her features were not beautiful, they were very attractive and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permitted not her dimples to make her smile mirthful, they increased its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We could see, through the veil of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enriched the mind of Lady Eleanor, existed with equal power in her charming friend.

Such are the portraits drawn by Miss Seward, of the two extraordinary women, who, in the bosom of their deep retirement, were sought by the first characters of the age, both as to rank and talents. To preserve that retirement from too frequent invasion, they were obliged to be somewhat coy of approach. Yet they were generous in a select hospitality; and when, towards the end of their lives, they welcomed a coming guest, Miss Martineau says it was a singular sight to see these ancient ladies, in their riding habits, with their rolled and powdered hair, their beaver hats, and their notions and manners of the last century. When we consider their intellectual resources, their energy and industry, their interludes of company and correspondence, we need not be surprised at the assertion they made to one of their most intimate visitors—that neither the long summer's day, nor winter's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, had ever inspired one weary sensation, one wish of returning to the world they had abandoned.

Lady Eleanor died in 1829, aged 90 years. Lady Sarah in 1831, aged 76. They were both buried in the same grave, where also was previously laid a female servant who had shared their retirement with them.

GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about,
As she sits in the corner there,
With the firelight shining into her eyes
And over her silver hair?
She has laid her knitting across her knee,
And folded her hands so thin,
And I know her thoughts are far away,
In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet
That brightens her eyes so dim;
Perhaps she is seeing the golden gate,
And hearing the angels' hymn!
And she smiles to think that she soon will cross
Where the wonderful river rolls,
And gather the rose of her youth again,
In the beautiful garden of souls!

☞ A sailor, exhorting at a prayer meeting in a London chapel, said that on dark, stormy nights, while on the sea, he had often been comforted by that beautiful passage of Scripture, "A faint heart never won fair lady."

☞ A suspension bridge is being thrown across Niagara river, just below the Falls, to give visitors an "awful view."

ONE LINK GONE.

Take the pillows from the cradle
Where the little sufferer lay;
Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table,
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast,
Free from care, and pain, and anguish,
Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
Pick its toys from off the floor;
They, with all their sparkling beauty,
Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoes and stockings
From the doting mother's sight;
Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
Through the long, dark night of grief,
Dry your tears and soothe your sighing—
Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care no more is needed
To allay the rising moan,
And though you perchance may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it
In its quiet, holy slumber,
Till the morning, then awake it
To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
In a chain of earthly bliss,
Thus the distance shorter making
'Twixt the brighter world and this.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

The houses we had hoped to rest in,
Were open to sin and strife;
The dreams that our youth was blessed in
Were not for the wear of life.
—*Frances Brown.*

"Miss Whitney is alarmingly ill," was said to me one Saturday, as I came in from a walk.

I noticed that she had grown paler and thinner with the hard work and holiday excitement, and perhaps another cause. I had been so engrossed with my own thoughts that I had not paid much attention to one who evidently kept at a distance.

"Is it fever?" I asked.

"No; hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor has been with her for nearly two hours. He has but just gone."

I sought Mrs. Ellingwood immediately. She was much discomposed.

"A very unfortunate occurrence!" she exclaimed, "for which her violent temper is much to blame. The child has no sense or reason, and I verily believe she would have been glad to die on our hands. I never saw so strange a being.

I went to the infirmary. On a cot lay Magdalene, still deathly pale, and looking more ghastly by the abundance of black hair tumbled about the pillow. She raised her eyes faintly.

I bent over and kissed her. With a slow motion she slipped her hand in mine, and the unexpected token filled me with surprise. There were four patients beside her, and as she was no favorite I knew would have the least care, so I offered to remain with her that night, to which the nurse gladly assented.

For several days there was little change in her, then she began to give evidence of rapid improvement. I proposed to Mrs. Ellingwood that she should be removed to my room, as the utmost quiet was indispensable. The lady stared in surprise.

"You are willing to take a great deal of trouble, Miss Adriance."

"She will recover so much faster," I returned quietly.

As I had never allowed any intimacy with the pupils, she could suspect me of no treasonable design. I think she was rather glad to assent; so after a little discussion Magdalene was brought to my room and consigned to my supervision. She could sit up and help herself in many ways.

The deep eyes thanked me with wordless gratitude; I knew then that I had found the way to her heart.

"Why do you care about me, Miss Adriance?" she asked, one evening, when I found her still in her easy chair, after supper.

"I can hardly tell," I answered with a smile, "except from the fact of your being so nearly friendless."

"My own fault, I suppose. I am not an angel in temper; and the girls seem so shallow and insipid, most of them, or else deceitfully wicked. I ought never to have been placed in the world. No one suits me, and I please no one."

"Perhaps you have never tried."

"Miss Adriance," after a long silence, "how patient you are."

"It did not used to be reckoned one of my virtues." And then I thought how Mr. St. John had called me unreasonable and impatient, and found no grace in me.

"Do you care to know how—"

She made so long a pause that I said presently, in the gentlest of tones,

"Tell me what you like, Magdalene. I want you to feel quite at ease with me."

"About that letter. I wrote as you suggested, Miss Adriance. I was so confident that you were wrong. Ah, I can never tell you how I loved *him*. Remember that from babyhood no one has ever cared for me. I have been handed from one friend to another, until at last a cousin of my mother's proposed to educate me for a teacher. He is in California making a fortune, and this was merely a qualm of duty. Last summer I met *him*, Mr. Channing." She uttered the name with a great effort. "Did you ever *love* him?"

"No," I said, honestly, "but I was fascinated with his grace and beauty, and allowed myself to drift into an engagement. I saw a great deal of him, and learned my mistake in time."

"Well, I *loved* him. A year ago I would have ridiculed the idea of a broken heart, and what is it but a broken, hopeless life! It isn't hard to die then. I met him by accident, and most of our acquaintance was unknown to any one. His passion roused and inspired me. I came to a new and glorious existence, just as if I had passed all my days in a dungeon, and some kindly hand had brought me out to light. Where it would have ended heaven only knows. After this year I was to belong to him. The promise had but one meaning for me, marriage. I returned to school envying no queen upon her throne. I was wildly, madly happy, until that day. And even then I did not doubt him. I wrote in the pride of my perfect faith. Then I waited for an answer. Miss Adriance, did you ever *wait* for anything?"

I smiled faintly.

"I don't believe you know what it means. I was so sure at first. I couldn't count days nor hours. I did not attempt to make excuses for delay, but as I said, just waited. And that is all."

She leaned her pale brow against the pillow, fatigued by her long talk. I smoothed the heavy hair and chafed the cold, small hands. Was that *all* to this life? Alas, I feared so. What could I say to comfort her.

"Never mind about me," she went on presently. "I wish they had let me die; but since it was not to be, I shall get better. I do not want to be sent home. The place would be torture to me now, and there is no tender care for which I need long."

"My dear child, you must be quiet," I said, softly. "You are over exerting."

"One word more," and the wistful eyes sought to fathom mine. "Miss Adriance, will you love me a little? I'm humble now."

"My darling;" and I gave her fondest kisses for answer.

I think a resolute will helped Magdalene very much. She was soon able to go down stairs, and took her place in some of the classes. Yet I had a misgiving that it was not a sound restoration. She still shared my room, and we became strange, warm friends. Once she won from me the whole story of my acquaintance with Aylmer, then his name was dropped forever. Her love had been powerful in its strength and intensity. I felt as if I wanted Aylmer Channing to come and look upon his victim, and learn a lesson for all time—as if the man was capable of a deep and lasting impression!

"When she was a little stronger I placed my book in her way, and took a peculiar delight in the interest she manifested. It had created no marked interest; and I was not enough in the world to understand the import of the few notices that I saw. Perhaps it touched Magdalene the more keenly from its sadness and truth. She literally devoured it. This was sweetest incense and soothed my despairing heart. Should I confess to her how great a failure I had made?

Mrs. Ellingwood insisted that Magdalene was well enough to take her place in the school dormitory. I had some fear, but a slight cold was the only immediate consequence. When she began to cough, I expostulated a little. Alas! it was too late. One morning I found her vainly trying to thrust out of sight a handkerchief stained with her very life blood.

"Magdalene!" I uttered, in an agony of apprehension.

"Hush. I did not mean you to know. I think I am coming to the last. What does it matter? When I asked for bread I received a stone. My heart has been starving. Will God pity me a little, and give me rest?"

How rarely I had thought of Him!

"I don't want to go away. When I come to the worst I want you to stay with me. It will not be long."

"Child," I exclaimed, in terror, "you must have immediate attention."

"I saw the doctor yesterday. He assured Mrs. Ellingwood that I had only to guard against excitement and over exertion, and should be quite well by summer. That means I shall be asleep under the daisies. God knows best. I shall be glad to go away from all the toil and trouble. Don't wish anything else for me, Miss Adriance. I am quite content."

Something about her awed me. She had changed so much, grown absolutely dignified and commanding. For several days I debated upon what course I should pursue; then a second attack decided the matter. By accident she was borne to my room, and there I watched her for nearly a month. In that time there came a deep and holy love between us. As if she had learned the secret of life at last, the faith that gains an abundant entrance into Heaven.

During those last days I told the dying girl my secret. Her eyes lighted up with a strange gleam of joy.

"You will be blest," she said, "in your power to carry joy to weary souls that faint on the highways. God must reward you for all you have been to me."

I smiled over these tender visions of her last days. It was too late for them to come true, but it was all that her love could give. And one midnight the weary soul fluttered up to the keeping of angels, leaving only a little death-cold clay in my arms. Seventeen brief years, and the sweetest draught of all turned bitter upon her lips. God help us to keep the faith, and not question too closely why these things are so.

The event made a great sensation. A death of this kind always fills one with awe, as if it could hardly be time for one to die in the very bloom of youth. Mrs. Ellenwood regretted that she had not sent her home immediately after the first attack.

But the break closed presently, and we all went on with our duties. Spring was filling up the hollows with the murmurous sound of unchained brooks. The brown hillsides changed to a faint glimmering green and drowsed sleepily in the sunshine. The pipe of birds sounded sweet in the early morn, and the air was fresh with dewy fragrance. What was it to me? I was sick and tired of the endless round. Of what avail was it for miserable souls to live at all!

My book had been a failure. The hope that I should one day stand proudly in the place I had chosen for myself—reach the temple of fame with full hands and lay my gift upon the altar—was slowly perishing. And now I told myself the truth—I could *not* endure the miserable, aimless life I was leading; but what else was there for me? To content myself with common-place duties and events was sure mental starvation. I seemed to be isolated, as if there were a mark upon me, which others seeing, might avoid.

I was twenty-two. That was early in life to have the worst of the battle. To sit on this monotonous bank watching the ebb and flow of life, and never going beyond the dreary-looking shore on either side, was intolerable.

I was fast becoming irritable, but how could I resist this constant feeling of rebellion. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that I was out of place; that there was nothing to call forth the energies within me that were absolutely starving for want of proper nourishment and use. I cannot make circumstances; I cannot even rule them. I cannot understand life. Why are people created only for misery? It does not sweeten their tempers or improve their hearts so far as my experience goes. Faith thrives best in the genial warmth of happiness.

The old cry of the Psalmist rises to my lips—"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would flee away and be at rest."

Still I kept on with my duties and saw the change that I dreaded approaching nearer and nearer. Anne was as anxious as ever for my visit, and there was no reason why I should not go, but I shrank from it with a curious intensity. Torpid as my brain seemed, it had some torturing, sensitive nerves. The sight of her peace and happiness would not soothe this wayward mood. Sometimes I thought of a journey; but where could I go alone? I had no ambition to guide me, no desires.

It is strange that in some seasons of life one seems to have several distinct individualities. With one I performed each task mechanically. Another seemed drifting about with every passing tide, while a third weakly rebelled, and yet had not sufficient force to marshal the others, or reduce them to obedience.

I wondered how many times Mrs. Ellingwood would go through the form of a new engagement. Of course I should stay—all my life if she wanted me. Then I packed my clothes, put everything in order, and said a few farewells. The brightest vision of all was Magdalene at rest in her grave.

I had no desire to pause in New York, but went direct to Baltimore. I found Anne alone, but bright and happy, her serene eyes marvellous wells of content. Every event and sight of that day is stamped so vividly upon my mind. Her cool white dress and a pale pink rose on her bosom, her baby smiling and winsome, the house with its usual neat adornment. Everywhere repose and peace.

I had just time to change my dress for the late supper awaiting me, but I could not eat. I sipped my tea languidly, and then took a long draught of cold water that proved reviving.

"Your hands are hot and feverish," Anne said presently, "and your temples throb visibly. Are you quite certain it is only fatigue?"

"Foolish fatigue at that," I answered almost sharply, as a keen, cruel sense of disappointment stole over me. I had meant to come to her in such triumph this time. It was she who was calm and strong, and I a rudderless bark, tossed about by every stray wave.

"My darling, have you come to any dark days?"

The sweet voice unnerved me. A choking spasm constricted my throat.

"Am I not your sister, your dearest friend? Can I not dispel the cloud?"

"One comes to the dregs of life occasionally, even if one is not utterly adrift."

"But there is One who can make the bitter sweet. No, don't look so faithless; you surely have not cast away this anchor?"

"Anne," I said, "it is not in the power of some hearts to believe at will. Was there never but one Hagar in the desert who sat down to perish out of sight of all she loved?"

"And succor came to her."

"But in these later days one does not find it so easily."

"Sydnie, don't you believe that God is still merciful and listens to all who cry unto Him?"

"I have ceased to believe anything," I said with sullen despair. "I have seen all my hopes perish miserably, and am ready to cry, let me die with them."

"My darling, you are ill and dispirited."

"Anne," I exclaimed vehemently, "you peaceful, happy women can never understand the struggles of others tormented before their time. Why is such continual suffering permitted? Why are people created with hearts that only the highest aspirations can fill, and then doomed to remain forever barren of fruit? Why do we wander in deserts, and clasp phantoms when we fold our hands together?"

"We would be less free if God did not permit us to stray and follow our own devices. But He is ready to bring us back when we earnestly desire it. And for the suffering and sorrow—why question if we do our part to relieve the oppressed?"

"I have exhausted life," I said. "I have come to the end, and all is darkness."

"I am not going to let you talk in this despairing fashion. Your nerves have been strained to the utmost, and it is folly to rasp the tender edges. You shall go to bed and rest."

She led me to my chamber, and the ministrations of her cool, soft hands tranquillized me. Then she kissed me and bade me sleep.

A broad sheet of moonlight lay on the floor like a silver lake. The peerless blue of the sky was broken by stars of faint gold, and the trees were edged with white as in a monochrome. I rose and went to the window, sitting a long while in the mild air, fragrant with night dews. But it could not cool the fever of my brain. Strange, distorted visions glimmered before my eyes. The old solitude of childhood oppressed me; then I was nearing my bridal with Aylmer Channing, and no hand was stretched forth to save me. Snowy robes mocked me with their softness. There was a dazzle of lace and satin, a smothering sweetness of perfume, and in my wildness I broke away from it all.

Then the vision changed. St. John and I rambled through the leafy groves at Laurelwood. Listening to his voice I grew calm again, and though I knew it was a dream, the old spell re-asserted itself. My heart, long cold and arid, softened to these tender tones. I seemed to realize now how this man had loved me, and what heavenly satisfaction life might have been with him. Yes, I had cast away my pearl because of some flaw in the setting.

Did I sleep then? I do not know. It was a long, blessed unconsciousness of pain or want, a sense of perfect rest. I was satisfied to be at peace at last.

CHAPTER XX.

Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem thy loss;
Thou hast gained in the furnace of affliction
Self knowledge, patience and humility.
—*Proverbial Philosophy.*

I remember rousing myself one day and glancing out of the window, surprised that it was not draped in moonbeams as I saw it last. Instead, a soft rain pattering on the leaves without.

I tried to rise, but my head fell back upon the pillow. Anne was beside me in a moment.

I experienced a weak, confused consciousness of having been ill, though then I felt well at heart.

"How long have I been here, Anne?" I asked.

"A month. But you are better now."

"Have I been very sick?"

She kissed me tenderly, her eyes swimming in tears.

I don't know why, but I felt glad and happy, just as if it were a pleasant thing to come back to life. She, seeing this, smiled.

I begin to understand some of these mysteries better. I have been groping about in the dark, intent upon my own way, trying to force a path through thorny hedges, while just outside lay the clear road. My imagination had been roused to some great achievement, rather than my soul awakened to the serious and earnest duties of life.

Lying there day after day too weak to talk much, but with a mind cleared from all its doubts and distraction, I was content merely to exist. Whatever the future held for me would come in its own good time. The calm that followed was delightful in its entire peace. Anne's slender figure, nearly always robed in white, angel-like in its harmonious movements, comforted me exceedingly. She had found the grand secret of a happy life, which must ever be more of a triumph than a happy death. Her whole study seems to be how she can best minister to others. The highest and purest philosophy lies herein, for this broad, comprehensive charity alike blesses the bestower and the recipient.

I felt humbled as I glanced over my past. What had I ever done for another? Ellen's happiness had, after all, been more the result of circumstances. Poor Magdalene I had taken to my heart, but it had been purely material comfort—I had never been able to appeal to her soul, for my own was in the depths of doubt. I preferred to be wretched; I fanned each trivial circumstance into a withering flame that scorched, but did not consume. Though I had borne my misfortunes with outward equanimity, my heart had rebelled continually. I had exaggerated my ills and transformed them into mountains.

I cannot say that I gave up my one great hope without a pang. Was the quality I had fancied genius a wretched impostor only? Did God mean that I should always keep to common ways and glorify them by patience and love to my kind?

At last I said—"Not my will, but Thine." Not from apathy, but humility and resignation. And then I was ready to begin life again.

The first of September was coming on apace. I realized that I should not be strong enough to fill my old position, and wrote to Mrs. Ellingwood to that effect. Anne was overjoyed.

"I have a book for you to read," she said one morning. "Mr. Otis and I liked it so very much, and I have been waiting for you to improve sufficiently to undertake it. I can't tell why, but there is so much in it that reminds me of you. I should have written to you about it, only I wanted to watch the effect it would have upon you."

I smiled a little.

She came with it in her hand. "It is not merely for the sake of the story," she went on, and then my eyes caught the title. My own book! The crimson blood rushed to my face in torrents, and I trembled violently in every pulse.

"Why, what is the matter?" and her sweet eyes were filled with amazement.

"I have read it," I stammered.

"Do you know anything about it? It was published last winter, but I believe it did not begin to attract much attention until spring. The author seems to be enveloped in profound mystery."

I covered my face with my hands. That she should bring these precious tidings to me!

"I almost believe you wrote it yourself, and yet I never thought of that before. Confess!"

Her voice had a certain exultant ring that inspired me.

"It is mine," I said under my breath, scarcely daring to lay claim to it.

"My darling!" and with a glad cry there came a rain of kisses upon my forehead, baptizing me afresh. Oh, blessed sympathy of friendship with the bliss, but not the torture nor wild desires of love. And then we clasped hands in that cordial tenderness that needs no words, but is a language unto itself.

"How blind I must have been! Nay, I think I had a dim perception that in it I saw your soul. When you taught these earnest, glowing truths, my dear friend, had they no voice for you?"

"Anne," I rejoined, "I have suffered much bitter self-upbraiding. I wrote the book in spells of something that appears to me now like inspiration. The rest of my life was wretched and dreary in the extreme. I had reached that utter weariness of heart and soul when all is black unbelief. I wanted fame, success. Pride was my dominant ruler and guide. I have been justly punished."

"But you *have* achieved success! Why, the book is everybody's admiration. You have only to confess, and you will find yourself famous."

Sweet words from the lips of love. Nothing ever thrills one so completely as that sense of first triumph, all the dearer and more satisfying for the many hours of despair that had preceded it. But my eyes filled with tears, rapturous, yet strangely sad, and for many moments we were both silent.

"I must hear all," Anne said at length. "How well you kept your secret, yet I shall have to exercise a good deal of Christian charity in order to forgive you for shutting me out of your confidence."

I told her the whole story. It appeared strange even to myself. Anne's sympathy was unbounded; more than once I saw the tears softly falling.

"Oh, my darling, how you have suffered," she said at length with a tremulous sob.

"You must not pity me, nor help me to make a martyr of myself. I am done with that forever. I turned wilfully away from the light, and God allowed me to wander in the darkness of my own making."

"I think there is a time in nearly all our lives when we go into the wilderness and are tempted of the devil. It is only by keeping close to God that we escape."

I understood the peculiar light in her tender eyes. She, too, had known the anguish, the passion and pain of standing a brief while without the portals of hope.

But the marvels for the day were not ended. I received a brief letter from Mrs. Ellingwood, expressing much regret that I would not be able to resume my place, and offering to wait a month. She enclosed a letter that had come while she was away and had been mislaid. It was from my publishers. They were very much encouraged at the late success of my book, and proposed that I should come to New York if it was convenient, as there were several points in the business they wished to discuss with me. It had been written a month before.

I was too tired and excited to sleep well that night, yet was not materially worse the next day. Some time elapsed before we recovered our usual serenity; indeed, the whole course of my life appeared changed. New plans and aims haunted me continually, but I tried to keep my expectations within bounds. It was only one little step in a long journey.

I made arrangements to go to New York as soon as possible, asking Mrs. Westervelt to take me in during my stay, to which she readily agreed. I longed to see the sweet, motherly face again. She was very lonesome, missing the society of Philip and Ellen very much. They did not expect to return until mid-winter.

Anne was loth to have me go, but she yielded her desires in her own sweet fashion. Her brother Walter had been in Italy nearly a year, and was making rapid improvement in health as well as art. "I shall have an interest in two famous people," she said with her bright smile.

I found that Mrs. Westervelt had lost none of her charms. I was the better able to appreciate the exceeding loveliness of her character, and the refined and tender geniality of her temper. Crowds of olden memories thronged about me, filling the very rooms and halls with phantoms. I almost expected to see Mrs. Lawrence enter in all her airy grace and beauty, and meet Mr. St. John's deep, questioning eyes. There in the library a strange little episode had occurred, and I felt the blood mantling my brow at the very thought. Did he remember it? What spirit had possessed us in those days, in all days, indeed? Had it been love or simply desire to rule, to gratify a longing for power and influence? I wondered if we would ever meet again, and how? Mrs. Westervelt talked them both over in her delightful fashion, but what did she know of him! I smiled to myself.

Mrs. Varick *nee* Laura Hastings was living in elegant style. Gertrude also had married, and Mrs. Hastings might well plume herself upon her success. I did not care to see either of them; indeed, I desired quiet and seclusion. I told Mrs. Westervelt the story of the past two years, or at least the main incidents, and surprised her greatly by the new triumph I had gained. After my first business interview, I felt quite assured that success *was* possible. I had gained a little fame and made a little money, but it was a very fair beginning. The prospect warranted my continuance; yet now I found myself wondering whether I should ever do as well again. I received the most gracious encouragement, and resolved that I would not fail for lack of trial at least. There was much to do before I could repose in the shadow of my well earned laurels.

I sometimes wonder whether there is any settled plan to life. I determined to return to Baltimore and devote my winter to writing another book. I was making my last call at the little office that I had once entered with such trembling steps, when I met a sister of my publisher, a pale, sweet looking woman, hardly middle age, but bearing marks of great fragility of constitution. She was on the eve of going abroad, but had met with some disappointment, I gathered from the few sentences I heard. As it did not concern me, I paid little attention to their conversation. I had just risen and was about to leave them, when there was a flutter beside me, and a familiar face glanced into mine.

"Oh, Miss Adriance!"

Grace Endicott had been a pupil at Elm Grove Seminary. The similarity of names had escaped me.

"Have I kept you waiting, mamma?" she asked eagerly. "I was detained unavoidably." Then to me—"Miss Adriance, I am delighted to see you. Mamma can bear witness that I have been won by your wonderful gift of music. It has actually inspired me."

She was one of the few girls it had been no trouble to teach. A great favorite with all in school, yet I had held myself aloof from the girls, and hardly felt familiar.

"This is *your* Miss Adriance, then?" her mother said.

The word, simple as it was, touched me profoundly. Had I unwittingly inspired this girl with regard?

"I wish she *was* mine," Miss Endicott exclaimed impulsively. "Then we would take her to Europe, mamma, and have no more worry. Miss Adriance, are you not going back to Elm Grove?"

"No," I replied.

"And are you quite at liberty?"

"My dear," her mother said mildly.

"Oh, mamma, it would be just what we want. And maybe Miss Adriance would like to travel. I'm enchanted with the idea of going, and I never knew any one who did not sigh for Italy."

"I shall have to explain," Mrs. Endicott began with a winsome smile. "We expect to be abroad for two or three years, but Grace is so young that her father does not like to trust her altogether to foreign teachers. We want some one who is capable of exercising a supervision over her, and who would prove a companion for me. Just as we thought ourselves nicely suited, a break occurred in the negociations, and we all regretted it extremely. It would be so much more pleasant to have a person who was not an entire stranger; but I suppose your arrangements would not permit of such an engagement, even if it should prove otherwise agreeable. Pardon us both for mentioning it."

There was something so refined and ladylike in her demeanor that it won me instantly. Then the proposal *did* look tempting. It would be many years before I could afford such a journey as a luxury, and in the life I proposed to myself the culture and knowledge thus acquired would prove invaluable. I had no tie to hold me here. Yet I could not decide thus suddenly.

"If it would not interfere too much with my plans in another direction I should hardly hesitate," I returned frankly.

"Mamma," Grace said, "suppose we take Miss Adriance home with us, and talk the matter over at our leisure?"

Mrs. Endicott seconded the invitation so strongly that I acquiesced. Their carriage was at the door, and entering it we drove to a quiet but aristocratic part of the city.

Grace was vehemently urgent. In vain her mother tried to restrain her. Still she was charming and would prove a pleasant charge, I thought.

We discussed the matter at length. The duties would be light, leaving me much leisure time if I could manage not to be distracted with the constant variety of travelling, though they expected to go to Florence immediately, and remain there for the first winter. The proffered salary was liberal, to say the least.

In return I informed Mrs. Endicott of my desires. It certainly was one of those cases of mutual attraction, and seemed to promise a delightful acquaintance. I stayed to lunch, and was then sent home in the carriage, the ladies promising to call upon me in a few days.

I related my odd encounter to Mrs. Westervelt that evening as we sat alone.

"It looks very tempting to you, I dare say; but, my dear, I wish you had been more like ordinary women."

"Why?" and I laughed gayly. "In what respect am I different?"

"I should like to see you happily married and content."

"I shall have enough to content me, I am sure."

"Sydnie, you are still very young, and maybe have not come to the great want of a woman's life—a cheerful household hearth. And though genius may be a fascinating possession, I am not sure but it brings in its train restlessness and dissatisfaction with common daily duties. We had other hopes for you, my dear child."

I understood the allusion, and colored faintly.

"It hurts me to hear a woman sneer against love, or treat it in the flippant manner so common among girls of the present day," she continued. "If any feeling is held in holy reverence, that should be."

"I shall always honor pure, true love," I said with emotion.

She glanced earnestly in my face. I know we both thought of Mr. St. John, but there was nothing I could tell, and her delicacy forbore to question.

Grace came the next day and spent an hour with me, quite delighting Mrs. Westervelt.

The longer I considered the scheme the more feasible it became. I went to Mr. Harold and asked his advice; for the grave, kindly face held a potent charm for me.

It was advisable that I should follow up my first success as soon as possible; but he thought the merits of the tour would outweigh its few disadvantages. He was extremely fond of his sister, and really desirous that I should go, though he would not urge. The interview decided me, however.

When Mrs. Endicott came I gave her my answer, and she expressed her warmest satisfaction. They were anxious to start by the middle of October, which gave me but three weeks in which to complete my arrangements. It was best to return to Baltimore immediately.

Anne and Mr. Otis both congratulated me upon my improvement. I had begun to look quite like myself. I could not spoil my first day's pleasure by the announcement of my speedy departure, though I smiled a little over Anne's castle building.

"I am so glad to have you back again," she said the next morning. "I've planned such lovely times for the winter; and as you write your new book, I shall read and criticise. Are you afraid, that you look so sober?"

"I shall not be here, my dear friend," I said, with a touch of sadness; for I had begun to realise how sweet it was to be so well loved.

"Not here?" she echoed in dismay.

"I am going to Europe."

"Have you made your fortune, or is some one going to send you as a travelling correspondent?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Neither," and then I explained what had befallen me.

"It is selfish to be sorry, but I had counted so much upon our enjoyment together. I am never to have you, it seems."

"There are a good many years yet to come," I rejoined.

"And hosts of friends, possibly a husband?"

At this I shook my head.

"Have you taken a vow of celibacy?"

"Not exactly. Out of the three friends, one ought to remain single. You and Laura are married."

"And I used to think you would be first to go."

"Undiscovered merit;" and I laughed.

"You really did not care for Aylmer?"

"Set your heart at rest. I am thoroughly ashamed of that episode. His cruelty towards Magdalene crushed out the last vestige of even friendly feeling."

"And you are quite fancy free?"

"Worshipping the hero of my dreams," I said, with a rising color.

Though Anne was grieved to the heart, she gave me all the assistance in her power. My wardrobe had not been replenished since the Laurelwood days, and many dresses needed only alteration and retrimming to make them presentable. Some I never should wear again. I seemed so much older and graver than when those marvellous robes of tulle and lace were fashioned. And the

"Something sweet,
That follows youth with flying feet,"

was forever gone.

I was not hopeless nor dispirited, and yet there were moments when the years looked long and almost wearisome. After fame was gained, and the restless yearning for change satisfied, what then?

The partings were all ended at last, and I stood on the steamer's deck, catching last glimpses of New York. Once I had rocked to the plash of the tide up there in the river, viewing a sunrise. Everywhere something recalled Mr. St. John. He would hear of my departure, also of my debut in the world of literature, and be in nowise affected. Well, I had found a place in the world and a work to do, and that ought to satisfy.

Does it?

No. Are women such weak, unreasonable beings that they must long continually for a crumb of love?

It humiliated me to confess it even to myself; and yet, as Mr. St. John's wife, I should know more perfect, satisfying happiness in a month, than in all my solitary lifetime. I can see how my fatal, irremediable mistake. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hourglass the quicker will the sands of life run out.

Our Baby.

It was a very pretty little baby—that is, for a baby. I had no fault to find with it, as far as its individual identity was concerned. If babies must exist—and I suppose there is a necessity for the thing, or else where would all the grown people come from?—this baby was as well in its way as any other baby.

I mention these facts merely to prove that I am in no way prejudiced. As far as mortal man can be, I am an entirely impartial witness.

It was fast asleep in its cradle—a little white-headed doll, with long dark eyelashes, and a crimson dot of a mouth, against which lay its tiny fist, with five well-defined dimples in the five joints thereof. It was fast asleep, I say, when Bertha came airily into the room.

"I am going over to the depot to see mother off, Joseph; I'll be back in half an hour. Just keep an eye to the baby while I'm gone, will you?"

I looked blankly at my sister. But while I was considering how best to express my total dissent from her audacious proposition, she tripped out of the room, her ribbons fluttering in the soft spring air.

Silence doesn't always give consent, and Bertha had taken it for granted, in this matter, and I was left an unwilling guardian of my little nephew.

However, he was fast asleep, that was one circumstance in my favor. Mortal baby couldn't present a more innocent and cherubic aspect than he did. So I calmly went on with my writing, soon becoming oblivious to his infantile presence.

"Talk about tending babies," quoth I to myself, dipping my goose-quill triumphantly into the ink. "Why, it's the easiest business in life. I should never spend my money hiring nurses, if the little one was mine—but women never do know how to economize properly.

As these fancies passed through my mind, the baby woke up and sneezed.

I gave the cradle an oscillatory kick, and then burst into the well-known burden of "Buy a baby bunting," but the little villain absolutely declined to shut his eyes again, like a sensible baby. He opened them wider than two miniature moons, stared at me with an air of malevolence that has made me a firm believer in human depravity ever since, and deliberately began to cry. And the harder I rocked the cradle and the louder I sang the more resolutely did that baby cry.

"He's hungry," thought I to myself. "Babies must be fed, and it's highly reprehensible of Bertha to stay away so long."

So I went down into the pantry and instituted a search for some milk; which I had a vague idea was the diet generally preferred by toothless infancy. But milk there was none. Lamp oil; Stewart's syrup; vinegar; kerosene; brandy; everything but milk was there; every conceivable fluid in aggravating profusion—but not a drop of milk.

All this time, meanwhile, the roars of my infuriated nephew, but slightly softened by distance, followed me about like a Nemesis.

I rushed frantically up stairs, armed with a lump of sugar, the first soothing expedient that suggested itself to me.

"Bless its dear little heart, there, there! confound your racket, can't you keep still! Take its sugar from its own, own uncle, that's a little golden boy."

But the golden boy absolutely rejected the sugar, screaming louder than ever, as if its lungs were forty baby-power, and warranted never to tire out. It kicked, it struggled, it pawed the air, it grew purple in the face. Ashes of King Herod and all the Egyptians! what was a man to do?

In vain I executed a war dance around its cradle, in vain I rang the dinner-bell, and jingled the china ornaments, and waved the feather duster, and swung my gold repeater, and bawled nursery ballads at the top of my lungs. Talk about perseverance, Robert Bruce's spider was nothing to that atrocious little lump of mortality.

"There's nothing for it but to capitulate," said I to myself, as I jammed my hat on my head viciously, thrust my arms into my overcoat, and seized the baby out of its cradle.

Leave it absolutely alone I dared not, and the nearest grocery where milk was procurable lay three blocks off! Thus, in a sort of stony despair, I issued forth from the house, carrying my persecutor like a bundle under one arm.

I thought he would stop crying when he got into the open air, but not he; oxygen only seemed to increase the shrill power of his villainous little pipes! People turned to stare at me as if I were an escaped lunatic, or an abductor of human innocence. Women looked indignantly at the baby. Blue worsted socks and little pink legs kicking blindly from beneath my arms. Children ran after me, dogs barked, but I kept doggedly on my way, walking into the grocery, with a resolution second only to that of the Roman fellow who jumped into a crater, nobody knows how many hundred years ago.

"A pint of milk, if you please."

"Milk, sir? Have you brought anything to put it in?"

I thought of my tobacco box, my pocket-handkerchief, the corner of my hat, all of these impracticable places for the deposit of the lacteal fluid.

"I never thought of that!" I said, righting the baby, who came head uppermost with a very crimson countenance, and eyes looking defiantly into mine; eyes that said, as if they had spoken in so many syllables, "I won't stop crying! I'll die first!"

The storekeeper looked on sympathetically.

"I could sell you a nice little pitcher, sir, if—"

"The very idea," I interrupted. "A pitcher of milk! and please take the change out of this porte-monnaie, for if I had three pairs of hands, I couldn't more than hold this kicking little demon with 'em!"

"Well, sir," said the storekeeper, "he *does* seem a rare 'un for usin' his legs, let alone his lungs. Yes, sir, thank'ee, sir!"

Now, I have always since laid it up as a grudge against human nature that that unprincipled grocery-man took a five dollar bill out of my porte-monnaie, knowing that I should not discover it until too late to rectify the error!

(I wouldn't have treated a Turk so!)

I took up the pitcher of milk in my right hand, still balancing the baby skillfully against my left arm and side, and started triumphantly for home.

"Now, I'll settle your business, my fine young friend," I thought. "Is it possible that I was ever such an incorrigible nuisance as this?"

But my triumph was speedily reduced to the lowest pitch of humiliation.

"Dear me, Mr. Beverly, is it possible that this is you?"

It was Kate Milton's self, radiant in spring bonnet, lilac silk walking-dress, close fringed parasol, and the daintiest of lilac kid gloves! Kate Milton, with an air of astonishment that served to make her one degree prettier than ever!

My first instinct was to turn and flee ignominiously; my second was to drop my nephew and his milk into the gutter, and resolutely deny all connection with them; my third prompted me resolutely to stand my ground.

"Yes, it is I, Miss Milton—a—a fine day!"

"Very fine."

Kate eyed me dubiously, and no wonder. One sock, curling and twisting as if a serpent were inside of it instead of a baby's foot, appeared beneath my coat skirts, flanked by about a quarter of a yard of Swiss embroidery and tucks, woefully crumbled by the fiery ordeal through which we had both passed—the milk (confound it) had dripped a-down the full length of my pearl colored pantaloons, and my hat, bent and bruised, was thrust ratishly on the side of my head. I was gloveless, flushed and dishevelled, and, take me "for all in all," must have appeared considerably like a pickpocket or an old-clothes man out for a walk!

I passed on, followed by the sound of faint, subdued laughter—a sound that stung me to the quick.

So Kate and her companion were laughing at me; this was, indeed, the unkindest cut of all. I resolved never to dance the German with Kate Milton again!

The house was quiet and deserted as I returned and inserted my night-key in the little circular lock. What could have become of Bertha? The cold dew oozed out upon my brow as I, for one instant, contemplated the horrible possibility of my being left, a sort of modern Robinson Crusoe, with the diabolical little man Friday on my hands.

Nonsense! there was no probability of that. I sat down on Bertha's low rocking-chair, and planting the baby firmly on my knee, applied the spout of the pitcher to his mouth.

Would you believe it? He wouldn't drink a drop. He screwed his mouth as tightly shut as if he never intended to open it again, and doubled himself over backward with a strength of will that would have been remarkable in a full-grown man, but was simply marvellous in a ten months' old baby. I persevered and he persevered. I poured the milk over his neck, his embroidered dress-waist, and his coral amulets; he would have been drowned sooner than open his mouth half a quarter of an inch. Probably, of such stuff were our Revolutionary fathers made, and this baby had, through some inscrutable blunder of Dame Nature, come into the world just a century too late!

I put him back into the cradle, flat on his spinal column, and looked at him more in sorrow than in anger.

"My youngster!" I addressed him, "cry away—cry your lungs out; break a blood-vessel or two, if agreeable to you; fracture your trachea! I can't be held legally responsible for it, thank Providence!"

I took up a book and sat down by the cradle, rocking it recklessly backward and forward, regardless of the screams which still rent the air. I wasn't going to waste any more time in trying to quiet him. Let him cry! This is a free country!

"Why, Joe! whatever is the matter?"

It was Bertha's voice. I jumped up as if a cannon ball had smitten me, and dashed my book upon the floor.

"Matter, ma'am, matter? The matter is, that I'm going mad! I shall be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum in just about fifteen minutes more!"

But I might as well have wasted my despairing eloquence on a blank wall! She was loading that little wretch with caresses, pity, and blandishments. And—I shouldn't have credited the sudden turn off affairs if I hadn't witnessed it with my own eyes—the baby absolutely laughed up in her face, as if to say, "I've given my uncle a pretty time of it."

Yes; laughed and crowed, and held up his hands, and behaved exactly as if he had never in his small life known what it was to shed a tear! The hypocrites are not all grown up.

"Has he been good, Uncle Joe?"

I looked volumes at my sister.

"Bertha, if you ever leave me again, in charge of that—that little atrocity, I'll commit suicide!"

"You needn't speak so loud," said my sister, in an injured voice; "I intended to have been home before, but the train was delayed, and—bless its little heart, *did* it want to come to its mamma's arms—and *was* Uncle Joseph crosser than an old bear, and *wasn't* it the sweetest little rose-bud that ever—"

I waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately out of the room, convinced that of all fools, a young mother was the most hopeless specimen!

That's the last time I have had the heir of the family confided to my guardianship. I think Bertha's a little afraid to leave me alone in the room with him. "So mote it be!"

Some one sent me a comic valentine last fourteenth of February—a picture of a hooked-nosed old bachelor—(*my* nose is a fine Romanesque curved) in a blue coat and red trowsers, dandling the baby upside down. I solemnly believe it was Kate Milton!

I detest comic valentines. I abhor babies—and I believe in a life of old bachelorhood! That's my platform! Do you wonder at it?

WHICH was most full—our silence or our speech?
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talked high things
Of life and death, and of the soul's great wings,
And knowledge pure, which only Love can teach;
And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach,
Wordless and still, a long and summer day,
As if we only watch'd the insect-play,
Or rippling wave.

☞ Mrs. Margaret Kane, (one of the Fox sisters) is now in Albany, N. Y., giving seances at the City Hotel (old Dunlop House) every afternoon and evening, meeting with distinguished and deserved success. She lives with a private family where warm hearts, comforts and luxuries appear to render her very happy.—*Banner of Light.*

☞ A recent traveller in Typee says:—"Melville's account of Typee was well known; and we were told that Fa-a-wa and a daughter of Melville's were still living, the former an old woman."

The Three Wishes.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Once—I think it was upon a time—there were three little boys, named Tom, Dick, and Harry, and they sat on a fence talking over their hopes and aspirations in life, and every fellow was gazing into futurity, and chewing gum, and enjoying himself except Tom, who was trying to smoke a cigarette, and just at that precise moment was beginning to feel uneasy about the stomach.

While they sat there, who should come along but one of those meddling old philanthropists, with a gingham umbrella, and nine fingers of crape on his high hat, who was all the time aggravating small boys with moral conundrums. So, as soon as he spotted these chaps, he tackled them; and he laid his hand on Tom's head, which Tom had just bandolined, in order to distract a girl who lived next door to him, and this benevolent old sport said:

"Thomas, my son, what is your ambition in life? What do you want to be when you grow up?"

And Tom, he felt miserable on account of that cigarette, so he only answered:

"Oh, I don't know, and I don't care. All I want is to get rich. I'm going for stamps—I am, I should think."

An expression of pain passed over the aged man's face, and he turned to Dick, who had taken his chaw of gum out of his mouth and had it in his fist.

"And, Richard, what do you want most in this life?"

And Dick he swelled up, and said he was going to be a great man—he was.

More suffering appeared in the good old fellow's face as he said to Harry:

"And, Harry, what is your ambition?"

"To be good, sir," replied Harry.

Now, it is the regular conventional thing in all the books, when a boy answers in this noble manner, for the philanthropist to shed a silent tear, and to fork out a half a dollar as the reward of virtue. But this man, with the bombazine on his hat, disappointed Harry by simply wiping his nose on a red pocket-handkerchief and stating that Harry was on the right track, and had chosen the only course that could make him feel serene and happy and tip-top.

And this, you see, was just precisely where this old customer was wrong, and showed that he didn't know anything at all about it. He considered himself smart, but he wasn't. For the whole thing turned out exactly the wrong way, and not at all in accordance with the books which tell perfectly miraculous stories about fellows like these three.

Tom, for instance; he laid himself out to get rich, and, as he knocked down on his employer about four dollars a week, and played mumbley-peg for heaps, and cheated, and worked hard, and saved up, and got stingy and mean, and never gave a cent to any sick cripples in the street, and refrained from alleviating the sufferings of any lonely widows and orphans who were starving to death in a garret, and spread out none of his stamps for the benighted heathen in Africa, who, he said, ought to be benighted, and were better off when they were benighted. And when the collection was taken up in church on Sunday he always put a half dollar on the plate, and took out seventy-five cents change, and considered that sharp financiering.

And as he got older he speculated in oil, and took his friends in on the ground floor of his company, which smashed up after Thomas had made his pile. And then he took in government contracts, and furnished blankets for ten dollars that cost him one, and afterwards started a bank, and when he got a half million dollars in it he failed and embezzled it, and went to Europe to take a tour for the benefit of his health, for he had obtained his desire to be rich.

Now you would think that this wicked man would have been filled with remorse and anguish, and would have reflected how unsatisfactory riches are, after all, and how a clear conscience is better than the wealth of Cræsus, and then, looking upon his gold, he would have considered it mere dross, that could not bring happiness; and then he would have sighed for the purity and innocence of his childhood's day, and reflected how he had wasted his life since the happy time when he sat on that fence and conversed with the benign old brick with the umbrella and the high hat in half-mourning.

I know that would have been the way in most stories like this. But Thomas, he just got up and said he was satisfied. He had his fingers on the cash, and he felt first-rate. No pang of remorse bothered him much, and he didn't want to be a boy again, but he enjoyed himself just as he was, spending his revenue, and having everybody considering him a magnificent fellow, which they didn't when he was poor, and he even had the hardihood to assert that he would do just as he had done again, and he would go for the money of the next man he got a chance at.

And Dick, you understand, wanted to be great. So he just worked his cards, and got elected Justice of the Peace, and he let up on hardened criminals, who had perpetrated frightful crimes, on condition they would vote for him for Common Council. So they did, and he was elected.

And then he gave out contracts to rascally politicians, who could rob the Treasury as much as they wanted to, provided they boosted Dick into the Legislature, which they accordingly did. And when he got there, he voted for all the deadwood corporations, and railroad swindles, for the fellows who promised to make him Governor, and you understand he was elected Governor, and then what must he do but pardon all the pickpockets and thieves out of the penitentiary, and wink at all the first-class frauds practiced in the Legislature, so as to be sent to the Senate, which he was; and now he is loading his dice to get to be President, and very likely he will, some day or other.

But now, at the very pinnacle of fame does he sit down, and at the very goal of his ambition say to himself, how hollow are all these honors; how distasteful all this power and grandeur, when purchased at the sacrifice of honesty and self-respect, and decency. Does he talk thus to himself, I say? Do the cares of state weigh heavy upon him, and does he press his throbbing brow upon a sleepless pillow, and sigh for the peace and rest of his boyhood's early years? Well, I should think not. He merely observes that he's all right, and he wouldn't swap places with any man, he wouldn't. His only regret is, that he can't hold three or four offices at the same time, and when he looks back upon that time when he sat on the fence, he thinks how, if he had hold of that old cove with the parasol and the stove-pipe hat, he would give him an office, and see if he wouldn't embezzle enough Government funds to get himself a new tile and silk umbrella, for that's what he would do himself under similar circumstances.

And Harry, he started out with the design of being good. And it is hardly necessary to state that he made himself abjectly miserable, and eventually came to grief.

He never could enjoy himself with the other boys stoning cats, and fighting roosters; and never once in the whole course of his life did he experience the tender joy of going for some farmer's apples. No, and his mother she wouldn't let him go a running or boating, and so he stayed at home while the other fellows were having a bully time.

And he never went to the circus or the menagerie, but used to stand outside and hear the hyena growl, and see the other boys creeping under the tent, and listen to them laughing at the clown, and then go home and feel what a miserable old depressing thing it was to be good, anyhow.

And he had no friend; and then when he grew up he went into business, but he was so unpleasantly upright that the wicked men, being the larger part of the community, felt how great a reproach to them his example was, and they stayed away from him, and he failed, and the Sheriff, who was an impious old sucker, came on him and confiscated his whole concern, and put him in jail; and when he got out, being poor and having no friends, he took board in the almshouse, and eventually died there in such an exemplary manner that everybody was glad of it, because it had such a good effect on the other unreconstructed paupers.

Now I am quite aware that Harry ought to have been the happy man, while the other two fellows were reduced to penury, and afflicted with the customary pang of anguish. But the whole thing seemed to have turned out precisely the wrong way, and I can't account for it upon any other grounds than that this story is copied from life, and the regular old narratives about the good and bad boys, are drawn entirely from a lively imagination.

Dangerous Winking.

I was spending a few days in B———, waiting the issue of an insurance case, and being acquainted with the M———s, a family that had passed the previous winter in Boston, and with whom I had been quite intimate, I called on them. It was a cool day, succeeding a snow-storm, when I called, and having sent in my card I was ushered into the parlor to await the appearance of the ladies of the household. As I entered, I observed a young lady seated near the register engaged in some delicate work. I saw she was a stranger, and that she was also very pretty. She made no indication of retreating, but bent over her work after glancing at me out of the corner of her eye. Much time was spent in primping, by the family, and the silence grew awkward. I therefore essayed to break the ice.

"Quite a storm we've had, miss," said I, making an effort.

"Yes, very severe," she replied, looking up, and as she spoke, I thought I detected a wink.

"The young people do not seem to improve such an opportunity," said I; "in Boston, ere this the air would be melodious with the sound of sleighbells."

"Our young men are not very gallant," she replied.

I looked at her, and was almost confirmed in my impression regarding the wink. Who was she? What did she wink at me for? She was a very charming person, dressed very tastefully, her hair flowing in natural ringlets about her shoulders. She could not be more that eighteen years old. Could I be mistaken about the wink?

"Are you fond of sleigh-riding?" I continued.

"Very—none more so," said she. This was accompanied by the wink so plain that there could be no mistake about it. I planned myself upon a very sudden request; I had no idea I was half so killing; and yet it was a queer way, to say the least, that she took to show her partiality.

"And will you," said I, in an ardent tone, "go with me on a sleigh-ride this evening?"

She blazed with a hue like crimson as she rose, and said, in a tone, of great dignity,

"You are presumptuous, sir, on a very short acquaintance. No, I shall not go with you," and left the room.

There was no wink this time, I could swear, and I feared I had put my foot in it. At this moment the ladies of the family came in, who professed themselves glad to see me; and after awhile I inquired regarding the young lady.

She was a cousin, from the distance, they said, a very beautiful girl, with a defect in her right facial muscles that caused her to always wink when she spoke. I thought the best course was to tell the truth, and after a hearty laugh all round, in which the fair sufferer faintly joined, we separated, I assured how precarious it was to trust in happiness.

"TAKE the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth."

CALLING FOR HIS BROTHER.—Some years since, a fellow, apparently from the "rural districts," entered the passage-way of a corporation counting-room, and commenced shouting the name of one of the employees. A clerk stepped outside and inquired of the chap what he was doing. "Why, my brother," responded greeny, "wrote me to come to the M—— counting-room and *call* for him, and I was doing so." The brother was "called" out by a runner. It was a long time before the joke ceased to afford amusement among those employed in the counting-room.

☞ The velocipede is becoming quite a common vehicle in Paris, and M. de Vivien, a distinguished equestrian, has made a match with Prince Achille Murat, backing himself in a velocipede against the Prince on horseback.

☞ When Charles Dickens arrived home from America the farmers turned out on the road to his house to greet him, and the houses for miles on the way were dressed with flags. The village bell-ringers rang a merry peal of welcome home again to the great author.

☞ "Uncle Jemmy," said a waggish blade to one of the best old men who ever lived or died, "I'm told you are very fond of apple dumplings." "Why," said the patriarch, "when I lived in Virginia, I liked them better than anything in the world, and could eat eighteen or nineteen at a time; but, somehow, since I came to Georgia, my appetite has so failed me that I can never eat more than fourteen or fifteen before they begin to clog upon my stomach."

☞ Concerning the practice of sleeping in church, Henry Ward Beecher says: "If a man sleeps under my preaching I do not send a boy to wake him up, but I feel that a boy had better come and wake me up."

[Advertisement.]

TO MODERATE REPUBLICANS.

It is evident that one great question to be determined at the coming Presidential election, is the position of the Negro race.

The writer of this has always been an open and avowed opponent of slavery, and in favor of securing to all men, negroes, Indians and Chinese included, the enjoyment of their civil and religious rights.

He has always believed it to be the duty of the White race, the governing race, to do justice in these respects to all the inferior races within our borders.

But now an entirely new question is sprung upon the country—the question of admitting the negro race, which has almost a preponderance of numbers in ten states, to a share in the government.

These negroes are just released from slavery, and (if their slavery has been correctly described by the abolitionists) necessarily ignorant and degraded. They not only are almost entirely uneducated, but owing to their servile condition, they have not been in a position to acquire the ability to manage their own personal affairs, much less the affairs of a great nation.

Whose fault this is, has nothing to do with the practical question before us. That question is—Are they capable of being intrusted with the immense power of the elective franchise—can we with due regard to our own safety, and to the safety of the great cause of Constitutional Freedom, admit such a host of ignorant and half-barbaric men to a share in the government of the Republic?

What is the lesson of history? Has any other than the White race ever been able to preserve Republican institutions?

We know that no other race has been able to do so. In fact, only certain branches even of the White race have been capable of self-government. Bear witness the constant disorder, changes and tumults of Hayti, Mexico, and the South American "Republics."

If the proportion of negroes in the Southern States was no greater than in the Northern States, the question would be of little practical importance—but the natural result of negro suffrage would be to attract all the negroes of the country into the South, and drive out great numbers of White people to the North, thus practically giving the Southern States to the Negroes, with perhaps twenty Senators and sixty Representatives in Congress.

But are we ready to give the negro race the control of one-half of the settled territory of the Union, with this immense weight in the National Councils?

The writer of this, for one, is not yet ready for such a serious experiment. He has gone as far as he originally contemplated going—as far as the wildest of the original abolitionists ever contemplated going—and now he is inclined to pause.

He thinks that the results of the steps already taken by us within the last fifty years towards universal suffrage, are not particularly encouraging. But what has been done cannot be undone. Let us resolve to stop however for the present with our own White race.

If the negroes, to whom we have repaid every service done us during the war, by giving them their freedom, should prove in the Future that they are capable of the trust, the men of the Future will doubtless bestow the elective franchise upon them. But we have done and suffered surely enough in their behalf for one generation.

When slavery was abolished in the North, the negroes were not generally invested with the suffrage, and yet they have lived very comfortably without voting. There have been occasional riots against them, but so there have been against the Irish, who have had votes.

The women of the country do not vote, and they are not oppressed—unnaturalized foreigners do not vote, and they are not oppressed—our sons under twenty-one do not vote, and they are not oppressed; are the negroes any better, or one-fourth as intelligent, as any of these? Let them then wait their turn.

The object in publishing this, is to ascertain whether a sufficient number of those who have heretofore acted with the Republican party agree with the writer, to make the organization of Clubs of WHITE REPUBLICANS desirable—whose object shall be to settle this question for the present, by holding and using the balance of power in the majority of the Northern States.

Moderate Republicans who agree with these views, and who are not willing to be hurried by one-sided theorists and reckless politicians into paths full of doubt and danger,—and who are desirous of making their influence felt by means of organization and union—will please drop a line to that effect, with their names and address, to A. W. R.

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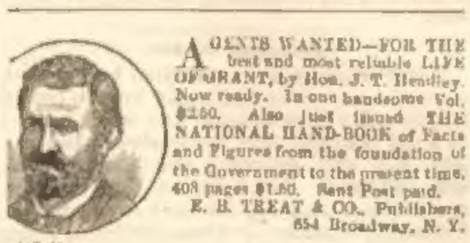

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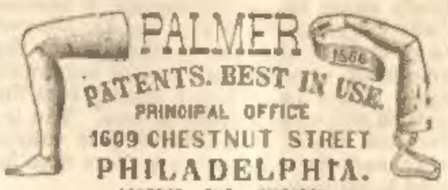

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DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je6-1y

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have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar7-tf Philadelphia.

AQUIDNECK HOUSE,

NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 18, 1868.

The above house having been thoroughly renovated, repainted inside, and new furniture added, is now open for the season of 1868.

Accommodations for 150 guests, with suits of from two to six rooms connected.

Families will find the "Aquidneck" more quiet than the larger hotels, with lower prices, and table and attendance first class.

Also suits of rooms in cottages near, with meals at the hotel. Address as above.
my9-cow6t WILLIAM HODGES.

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

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Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 28 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $300,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

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EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
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All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID-UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

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☞ AGENTS WANTED.

GREAT SALE

OF

DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
SILVER-PLATED WARE

OF ALL KINDS,

ALBUMS,

And a variety of valuable and useful articles for sale at

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

A check, describing an article selected from our stock for sale at One Dollar, will be sent on the receipt of Three Cents to pay postage.

No charge for Schedules or Checks made at this establishment.

Send for circulars, as this is the most liberal sale of the kind in the country. Address
FARNHAM & CO.,
je12-4t No. 24 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
de17-tf Box 290, Boston, Mass.

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my22-12t

WONDERFUL!

How to instantly gain the undying love of any one by Psychological Fascination. The only sure and honorable means, fully taught. Don't be fooled by the *mere circulars* of impostors, but send for this HANDSOME BOOK, bound in gilt, revealing many great secrets, and showing how all may be rich, wise and happy forever. Price 25 cents. Address CLARK & CO., Publishers, Newark, N. J. je13-2t

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.

PATRONIZE THE BEST.

Having the largest capital, most experienced buyers, and extensive trade of any concern in the Dollar Sale business, we

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

in every instance, and also the *best* selection of Goods ever offered at

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling. Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

THE LADIES

Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1866.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 80 for $8; 100 for $10, sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
my23-3m 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

THE ORIGINAL

ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF MAY 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States assessor, $104,711, (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7960—in sums varying from $1 to $300. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 25 cts. per yard.
50 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
215 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
178 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
46 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1192 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces of Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1402 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfil our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our house absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address.
je13-4t

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y
aug30-1y

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE,
OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST,
For a few days services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp,
CLOUDMAN & CO.,
my2-3m 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT! CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 193 Spring St., New York. my 1-3m

TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 90 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. mar28-3m

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 50 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Alexander*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y
je6-1y

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey.
my16-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

CHARGE OF THE DRESS BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,
Right through the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty's hurt,
Dragged the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a peck, half a peck, half a peck fully—
Hirsute and woolly,
Right into the liquid air—
Rose up the pile of hair,
From other heads sundered.
Nobly astraddle on it,
Rode the brave bonnet—
Rode, though it wondered.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it,
Curls that were plundered.

What though men shout. "Oh, fie!"
"Fortunes you have squandered;"
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to dress or die—
"Charge!" to the *clerks* they cry—
"Charge by the hundred."

What you May and May Not Call a Man.

There is more or less of the animal about man; that nobody will deny. Plato's definition of a man was: "An animal without feathers, walking on two legs." This was too much for Diogenes, who caught an old rooster, plucked it, took it into school, and scornfully asked "If that was Plato's man?" We don't know how Plato got out of it, and don't care, as this has but little to do with the matter in hand. Though an animal, a man does not like to be called a beast; yet there are many known as "bulls" and "bears" that accept these appellations as rightly bestowed and properly belonging to them, though individually, in another sense, they would object to being called bears. There are many who would like to be known as "lion," and even tiger would be considered more complimentary than calf. Many a young fellow would like to be regarded as a "buck," and you may call a man "dear fellow," but don't think of calling a moose. To be called a "duck of a man" would please many an individual who would take it to heart if called a goose, independent of the misnomer. Call a man a "puppy," and he'll resent it; but call him a "sly dog," and you'll rather please him. Don't call a man a hog, even if he is a bore, nor an elephant, if he happens to be "heavy weight;" but you may call him a "fox" or a "coon" with impunity. A man doesn't like to be called a shark, but you may call him a "queer fish" without offence. Never call a cross-eyed man lynx-eyed—he'll think you are "sarkastic." Call a man a jackass, and he'll "talk back;" but you may call him an "old rat," and it is ten to one he'll ask you to "take suthin." A man who wouldn't feel complimented at being called a cormorant, would smile at being called a "night owl." Don't offend by calling a man a gosling, but you may call him a "gay rooster" without offence. Don't call a man a fool; call him a clever fellow, which amounts to the same thing, but sounds prettier. A man would be well pleased to know that you said he was keen as a razor, yet would object to your calling him a "sharper." To call a man a stone would be considered reflecting on his intellectual powers, but you may call him a "brick" to his great satisfaction.

"Come Down."

It is related of a certain secretary of a Governor, several removes back from the present Chief Magistrate of New York, that, like most sub-officials, to whom some "pressing" final process is committed, he had an itching palm, while, at the same time, it would not be exactly safe to show his hand too openly. On one occasion he had, for the third time, been waited upon by an impatient party, interested in two important bills which had passed the Legislature, and, with sundry others, were awaiting the Governor's signature.

"Did you place my bills before his Excellency?" asked the party of the Secretary.

"N-n-not yet," said he, (he had a slight impediment in his speech,) "n-not quite yet; the G-g-overnor's very busy. By-the-b-by, w-hat was the n-name of the m-man that g-ot up into a t-tree, when our Saviour was w-walking along that w-way?"

"Oh, you mean Zaccheus?"

"Ye-es; that's the man. We-ll, do you r-recollect what was said to him?"

"Certainly; 'Zaccheus, come down!'"

"E-a-actly; ye-es, '*Come down!*' I-was thinking of that ye-esterday, when you c-alled, but I c-couldn't rem-member the name!"

The hint was taken; the party "*came down*" accordingly; and when he next called, his signed bills were ready for him.

A Business Man.

A young Connecticut clergyman had just buried his wife. In the early freshness of his grief he was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodists, "and Brother Smith does say that you, his own minister, have hurt his feelings so that he never can get over it." The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation, and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

"So up he took his little crook,
Determined for to find him—"

which he did, sniking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry. After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skillful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following:—"Well, the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance of your wife's getting well, and so I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it all ready, and made just the greatest coffin for her that was ever turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say nothing about it to you beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort o' out you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you'd telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preaching no longer;" and "set" he didn't.

AN OBJECT FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

HUNGRY PARTY.—"Here, waiter, I say! You've made a mistake; I ordered a roast fowl!"

WAITER.—"Fowl, sir! Yessir! Which it is a roast fowl, sir!"

HUNGRY PARTY.—"Fowl! Fiddle! Take it away, and *bring me something to eat!*"

Ready to Leave.

An honest German, who is employed at one of the tobacco manufactories in this city, was listening recently to an account from a brother workman, of the principles and doctrines of Millerism. Among other things, he was told that the world was expected to come to an end in two or three months. Remarking that the German was much interested in the matter the others undertook to victimise their listeners by suggesting to him that it was full time for him to be making preparation.

"Ven do you think it vill be comes to an end?" he asked.

"Oh, probably in about three months," answered the jokers.

"Ho! vell! I no cares for dat!" exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction, "*I be going to Buffalo dis spring!*"

The Negro's Simile.

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

"Oh, massa, I'm sich a great sinner!"

"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much at heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duck-shooting and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debbil has got you sure; but as he am not sure ob me, he chases dis chile all de time."

The Battles of the Bees.

Having made the habits of the honey-bee a careful study for many years, I offer the following observations:

That the uninitated may be the better able to judge of the extent and consequences of those occasional wars called bee-battles, be it known that each community of bees consists of one queen, from 500 to 1,500 drones, and from 10,000 to 30,000 working bees. The drones,

"Those lazy fathers of the industrious hive,"

are allowed to enjoy their life of ease and pleasure but for a few months—generally from May to July, sometimes from April to August.

In the contests between the drones and workers the fighting is all on one side. This we pass over for the present, only observing that the hive is placed in a better position by the contention.

A battle between the workers of different communities is a much more serious affair. Bee-fights generally originate in those persistent attempts to rob, which are to a greater or less degree indulged in at various times, but mostly in the autumn. In the richer part of the honey-season, if the weather is very hot, the strong odor of pollen and honey attracts the bees recently hatched, so that, instead of following the older ones into the fields, they enter the fragrant domiciles of their neighbors, and many fall a sacrifice to this indulgence of their natural instincts. But newly-hatched bees are not the only robbers. Bees, though proverbially industrious, will always save themselves labor when they can, and help themselves to honey when it can be had. A swarm of bees sometimes enters a hive already occupied, causing serious strife. Queens never take part in these desperate struggles, commonly called bee-battles. Bees have many enemies; but the inhabitant of the adjoining hive is the one most to be dreaded. Strong, or at least well-to-do hives, are as a rule the aggressors, and weak hives, especially queenless ones, are the first victims. When weak hives are overpowered and robbed, the marauders seek other prey, and occasionally the most disastrous consequences follow.

When bees are about to swarm, certain scouts select a place suitable for a new home, and it often happens that the neighboring hives are examined for this purpose. This leads to quarrelling, and to some loss of life, but never to a bee-battle. Such loss may in some degree be prevented by keeping near the apiary a hive or two, with a little comb in position.

After a battle the defeated hive is always robbed: indeed, the robbery goes on during the fight, and the few remaining bees, (if any) are dispersed—mostly, perhaps, in their search for food.

Some years ago, at Newtown, a hamlet belonging to this parish (Tisbury, Wilts), two stocks of bees, the property of cottagers, occupied each its own garden, the highway lying between. At the close of the honey season one hive attacked the other with such violence, that, after several days' hard fighting, the whole population of one of the hives was destroyed, and the fruits of the summer's industry transferred to the stronghold of the invaders. I had not the opportunity of ascertaining the orgin of this battle, but have not the slightest doubt but that it began in the usual way, by a raid in search of plunder.

In my own garden, where I have had from thirty to sixty hives, I have frequently prevented a serious fight by contracting or closing the doorways of the hives. Upon one occasion the strife had assumed such serious proportions that I was obliged to remove the invaded hive to a distant part of the garden. Even this did not suffice, probably on account of a few of the invaders being left in the hive. I then took the stock about five hundred yards from the scene of conflict. This succeeded, and in a few days the bees went to work as if nothing had happened, although during the fray they had lost many bees, and some pounds of honey. It is a difficult matter to separate the belligerents after a fight has fairly commenced, because in their exasperation they continue the strife long after working-time.

Within the limits of this parish is a farm called Withyslade, the property of Lord Arundell of Wardour. The dwelling-house is situated about a quarter of a mile from any other residence. Many years ago the occupier of this farm lost a mare when her foal was in a helpless condition. It was taken and "brought up by hand," and thrived in a most satisfactory manner. As was likely under the circumstances, it became quite the pet of the family, and was allowed to go in doors with the freedom, if not the frequency, of a lap-dog. When it had grown quite a nice colt it found its way into the garden and upset a stock of bees. The infuriated insects attacked the poor animal with such fury that after a short time he died in extreme agony.

Some years afterwards, this same garden was the scene of one of the most determined and disastrous bee-battles perhaps ever recorded. The farm had passed into other hands, a new house had been built, and an apiary erected at right-angles with the house, and close to it. In the spring (I forget the year), four or five communities occupied the apiary. My aunt (the bee-mistress), considering her bee-house too much exposed to the wind, placed all the swarms of the season out of doors, in the usual single-pedestal cottage style. Five or six swarms came off during the summer, and were placed just outside the apiary, and in a line with the front of the farm-house.

At the usual time for freebooting, a serious disturbance among the hives took place. Very soon the strife had become alarming, and my aunt concluded that some mysterious cause of quarrel between the old hives and swarms had arisen. From this time to the end of the conflict the battle raged so furiously that no person dared do more than look on from a respectful distance, and, with regretful amazement, let the thing take its course.

My aunt's suspicions as to the combatants were not verified. Whilst this fierce war was raging, something equally enigmatical was taking place in the garden of a cottager living about a quarter of a mile distant. He kept a number of bees, and was not a little astonished to find them in the early part of the day leaving their homes in the most excited manner, as if some half-dozen swarms were coming off at the same time. The bees were evidently intent upon something that engaged all their energies, and that was not in the line of common bee-work. This was the invading host, so skillfully marshalled, and that seemed to understand the cause of the uproar. Off to the seat of war in "double quick time" seemed to be the order of the day. Day after day was this terrible conflict continued, till every hive of my aunt's was destroyed, and every cell rifled of its treasure.

It would be quite useless to attempt a description of the scene of desolation that appeared after this fierce battle; it can be more easily imagined.

It seems somewhat ungrateful to our industrious and useful little friends thus to hold them up as quarrelsome neighbors; but I hope to make them some amends by adding in a future paper, a few facts relating to their "love and labor." J. B.

☞ "Ah, how doth you like my moustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl. "Oh, very much. It looks like the fur on the back of a caterpillar."

☞ The only man not spoiled by being lionized was the Prophet Daniel.

AGRICULTURAL.

One Idea Men.

One idea men are seldom "healthy, wealthy or wise." It matters not whether they be crazy philanthropists, wild enthusiasts, or dull dirt diggers. Nature abhors such men quite as much as she does a vacuum, and invariably punishes them. She loves variety and has furnished it in endless profusion in all her works. So also she has adapted the earth for the cultivation of a variety of plants and fruits, all requiring different cultivation—ripening at different times and supplying different wants of man. Of all men, therefore, a farmer has least excuse for being one-idea-ed. Nevertheless a great many are lamentably so. There are, in the first place, the thousands and tens of thousands whose only idea is *cotton*, others whose only idea is sugar, others tobacco, others wheat, others corn, and so on through the list of farm products. In every case the results are the same. Success may be attained in the growth of the chosen product, but it is invariably at the expense of the land. The comfort of the grower is sacrificed, and, ultimately, he is a loser. To illustrate with cotton. The man who devotes himself exclusively to this crop, has but one market season through the entire year; and when his market day comes he finds that he owes his commission merchant very near all, if not more than his crop will sell for. He is astonished, and resolves that it shall not be so again. But again he is compelled to forestall all his crop, and to live on credit for the entire year. Now if there were no other evil connected with this one idea system of cropping, the one fact that it fosters, nay, compels the adoption of a credit system would condemn it with all right thinking men. For, of all the evils known to our land, before the war, there was none, of a financial nature, that could be compared with the credit system.

But living on credit is but one of the numerous evils that one idea-ed cropping begets. It wears out the land, wears out the laborers and stupefies the farmers. No land can possibly supply, year after year, the food necessary for any one crops, it matters not what the crop may be, or how good the land is. Nature never designed it should be so, and will not permit it. So also the farmer who devotes himself to one thing only, who, in a word, becomes one idea-ed, gets to be stupefied about everything else.

The true course, pointed out by nature and reason, is, to so mix the crops as to yield relief to the land, diversify the labor and keep the farmer busy thinking, besides providing him with frequent market days during the year—in other words, mixed husbandry. It is quite admissable, indeed right and proper that each farmer should make some one thing the leading object, but in no case at the expense of other things equally as important.—*Dixie Farmer.*

Canker Worms.

About two years ago we published an account of the method by which some farmers in the eastern part of New Hampshire had saved their trees and secured good crops of apples, by destroying the canker worms after they had commenced feeding upon the foliage. After applying a belt of tar to the trunks, they commenced at the top of the tree by jarring the branches with long light poles or fishing rods. As the worms spun down on their gossamer threads, they were brushed off by side strokes with the rods. As soon as they reached the ground, they started at once and directly for the trunk and were soon fast in the tar.

We see by a statement in the Newton, Mass., Journal, that Marshall S. Rice of that town has been entirely successful with this process on some forty trees, by going over them twice, spending some fifteen minutes to each tree. He advises all who have neglected to prevent the ascent of the grub to try this process without fail, as he thinks the fruit of his forty trees paid well for about two days' work.—*New England Farmer.*

Heating Nails.

Every one who has used them knows that cut nails are brittle and easily broken (some brands more than others), but when heated to a red heat and then cooled slowly, become soft, and will generally clinch as well as wrought nails. Jacob Abbott thus explains the matter in a story which he tells in Our Schoolday Visitor:—"Common nails, being cut out from a plate of iron by means of shears working with prodigious force, have the substance of the iron so compressed that they are somewhat brittle, and the points are very apt to break off if we attempt to clinch them. But these common nails can be softened by heating them red hot in any common fire and letting them cool slowly. The iron of the nails, which is compressed and made hard by the action of the machine in which it is manufactured, is swelled out again by the heat of the fire and restored to its natural condition."

RECEIPTS.

READY-MADE YEAST.—Perhaps all our lady readers may not understand the best method of having good ready-made yeast always on hand. We invariably have good bread made from the yeast cakes prepared as follows:—Put into three pints of water a handful of hops, and nearly a quart of pared potatoes, cut into small pieces. Boil for half an hour, and strain while scalding hot, into sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Stir it well, adding one tablespoonful of fresh yeast and set it in a warm place to rise. When light, mix it stiff with Indian meal, roll out thin, and cut into round cakes or square pieces, two or two and half inches in diameter. Dry these thoroughly, and keep them in a bag in a dry place. They will remain good for months. Before using, take one of these cakes for each medium-sized loaf, soak in warm water till soft, and add a teaspoonful of soda for three or four yeast cakes. Add this to the flour with warm water, and raise in the usual manner. Some put the light yeast, without adding the Indian meal, into close jars or jugs, and use as needed. It will not keep many weeks by this method.

BOTTLING CHERRIES.—To every pound of fruit add six ounces of powdered lump sugar. Fill the jars with fruit, shake the sugar over, and tie each jar down with two bladders, as there is danger of one bursting during the boiling. Place the jars in a boiler of cold water, and after the water has boiled, let them remain three hours; take them out, and when cool, put them in a dry place, where they will keep over a year. We have tried this receipt for several years, and never found it to fail.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 25, 5, 21, 17, 9, is a county in New York.
My 9, 1, 26, 25, 3, 16, 11, 2, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 20, 11, 6, 22, is a county in Missouri.
My 24, 26, 25, 8, 12, is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 22, 7, 15, 10, 4, is a county in Illinois.
My 13, 3, 12, 21, 17, 18, 13, 15, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 23, 11, 2, 12, 3, 2, is a county in Texas.
My whole is a motto of one of the United States. JOHN.
St. Louis, Mo.

Metagram.

Though only four feet from me, still
I sway the world with mighty skill.
My first foot change, and all my brood
Are valued both for use and food.
Alter my second, plain you'll see
That I am used in cookery.
Change then my last, and I appear
Some thing that each one holds most dear.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

A bag contains 10 tickets, numbered from 1 to 10, inclusive. A person puts his hand into this bag and takes out a number of the tickets at random. Required—the probability that the sum of the numbers on the tickets drawn is 18.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A pole, 100 feet high, standing on an inclined plane whose angle of elevation is 30 degrees, was broken off by the wind, and the top struck the plane 40 feet from the foot of the pole. Required—the length of each part if the top falls up the plane; also, the length of each part, if the top falls down the plane. E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a fiery individual and a slice of bacon? Ans.—One is rash, and the other is rasher.

☞ Where should a blind man go? Ans.—To an i(s)land.

☞ What dress should a lady procure in order to keep her wardrobe clean? Ans.—A laundress (a lawn-dress.)

☞ Why do men court young ladies in the starlight? Ans.—Because they expect to get a wife in a twinkling.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—
"What tragic tears bedim the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more."

ENIGMA—"Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to converse with."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 11th—3.8588804 inches. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 11th—He paid $20 for the cow, $36 for the ox, and $54 for the house. A. Martin, H. R. Spink.

Answer to D. C. G.'s PROBLEM, same date—904.7787264 solid inches. J. S. Phebus. 1 foot in diameter of course. H. R. Spink.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 18th—The curve is the "Spiral of Archimedes," and the boy walks 22,9557 ft. while crossing the turn-table. A. Martin. A circle, the diameter of which is 10 ft. H. R. Spink.

Answer to B. F. Molter's PROBLEM, same date—5 and 7. B. F. Molter, H. R. Spink, J. S. Phebus, N. B. Mullins, S. S. Knox, Sol. H. Wertheimer and J. C. Phillips.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 25th—C is 420 miles from D. A travelled 3 miles an hour, and B 4 miles an hour. A. Martin and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 2d—1 $\frac{11}{167}$ feet. A. Martin.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Take two quarts of stock made from bones; when it boils, throw in half a teaspoonful of sugar, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quart of ready-shelled peas. Let all boil rapidly for twenty minutes, then shred up the hearts of two lettuces, and add a teaspoonful of dried and powdered mint, or a good sprig of green mint. Let the soup boil for ten minutes longer; take a teaspoonful of flour and a little cold water, mix together, strain and add to the soup, if not sufficiently thick. The sprig of mint must be taken out before sending to table.

Green pea soup sent without vegetables to table must be made in the same way, only the peas be mashed, and the whole be strained before coming to table.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take four pounds of raspberries, pour over them half a pint of vinegar, place it in an earthen jar, and cover it securely, so that no air can enter, and place it in a sunny window twelve hours; take it in at night, and place it out again in the sun the next day for another twelve hours. Then place in a flannel bag, till the juice has run through without pressure. Then for every pound of juice take a pound of loaf sugar, and boil it for a quarter of an hour, or till no scum arises; then put it into small bottles, and well cork it.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

RASPBERRY CREAM TART.—This is a delicious summer dish, and is prepared as follows:—Roll out some thin puff paste, and lay it in a patty-pan; put in some raspberries, and strew over them some very finely pounded sugar. Put on the covering paste, and bake the tart. Cut it open, and put in half a pint of cream, the yolks of two or three eggs, well beaten, and a little sugar. Let it stand till cold before it is sent to table.

☞ Every man should paddle his own canoe. The great difficulty is to get the canoe. Indians don't live next door to everybody.

☞ A great aid to the temperance cause—Lemonade.